JOHN BULL

Vol. XV. No. 377 | SATURDAY, AUGUST 23. 1913. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

1173822

For meaning of this No. see Page 11. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Can you do the "HAT TRICK"?

SEE PAGE 286.

KEMO RAZOR SHARPENER

Converts your old strop into a perfect edge-producer—solves the problem of shaving in comfort every day without the slightest smarting of the skin—is easily applied and will last as long as a man needs a razor—price 6d. Kemo Strops in fine leather, specially impregnated with Kemolino, 2s., 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.

For all Kinds of Razor Blades

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. August 23, 1913.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

What is your Number?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of TWO GUINEAS in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following claims have been received:—

Mr. J. R. HOLMES, 4, Neckinger Place, Abbey St., Bermondsey. August 9th. No. 742,997.

Mr. W. JOHNSON, 82, Armagh Rd., Roman Rd., Bow, E. July 26th. No. 246,096.

Mr. H. HAYNE, 81, Forest Drive West, Leytonstone, N.E. July 26th. No. 508,860.

Mr. R. G. DAVIES, 72, Marsland Rd., Sale, Cheshire. July 19th. No. 684,267.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of August 16th:—

004917	188414	359286	547929	846971
013786	210993	374811	589277	851821
048672	235181	397616	624566	874549
052448	259794	408633	662743	913593
072785	267311	427722	684142	942275
085918	270572	450494	702313	962751
112403	277609	461481	726219	981821
129601	307508	481845	762627	978802
144965	320462	486268	775754	A080751
163389	344280	514166	817697	A112810

The A prefixed to the drawn numbers indicates it is plus a million.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE (PUBLISHED AUGUST 27TH).

FOOTBALL COMPETITION. No. 1.

SEE PAGE 279

"JOHN BULL" ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, September 6.

Cross out—in ink—what you think will be the losing club. For a draw do not cross out either club.

Derby County	v.	Sheffield United
Bradford City	v.	Aston Villa
Sunderland	v.	Newcastle United
Everton	v.	Preston N.E.
W. Bromwich A.	v.	Burnley
Bolton Wanderers	v.	Oldham Athletic
Chelsea	v.	Tottenham Hotspur
Blackpool	v.	Hull City
Clapton Orient	v.	Fulham
Grimsby Town	v.	Notts County
Lincoln City	v.	Barnsley
Notts Forest	v.	Wolverhampton W.
West Ham United	v.	Swindon
Southampton	v.	Exeter City
Reading	v.	Millwall
Crystal Palace	v.	Portsmouth
Coventry	v.	Brighton & Hove
Watford	v.	Southend
Norwich City	v.	Northampton
Gillingham	v.	Q. P. Rangers

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

READ RULES CAREFULLY.

1. On the Entrance Form attached cross out in ink, by running a pen through the names, the teams you think will lose. If you predict a DRAW do not cross out either team.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "JOHN BULL," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope, in top left-hand corner, **Football Competition No. 1**, so as to reach us not later than first post Friday, September 5th, but please send early to facilitate the work of examination.

3. The First Prize £1,500 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form contains the correct results, as published in the "Sporting Life," of all the matches given, played to a finish on September 6th. In the event of no entrance form being received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £300 will be paid to the competitor whose coupon shows the most correct results short of the full number. In addition £150 will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form containing the next highest number of correct forecasts. Further we shall award to every competitor forecasting 10 or more results correctly a season ticket to any football ground the competitor may select. Winners of these special prizes have the option of receiving the cash value of the ticket. In addition, £100 cash will be awarded to the lady sending the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from "Mary Bull." (This is a contingent prize and will not be awarded should a mauve coupon win the £1,500, the £300 or the £150 prizes.)

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and no correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted. But the utmost care will be taken of all coupons received.

5. The Editor's published decision on all matters relating to this competition is final and legally binding, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

6. Any effort on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified. Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

7. In the event of a tie or ties in this competition, the First Prize of £1,500, or the Contingent Prizes of £300 and £150, as well as the special £100 Mauve Coupon prize for ladies, will be equally divided.

8. No coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

THE CLOSING DATE IS FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XV. No. 377. Week ending Saturday, August 23rd, 1913. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. All **FINANCIAL, INSURANCE** *and* **SPORTING** *enquiries should be addressed to the* **CITY OFFICES, 52, NEW BROAD STREET, E.C.** *All other communications should be addressed to* **93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.**

All remittances, applications for advertising space, subscriptions, orders, etc., should be addressed to Odhams Limited, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull" for AUGUST 16th, 1913, bearing on its Cover the Number 683,748.

Apply THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

"Simple" Simon.

So Sir John Simon has decided to throw up his safe Walthamstow seat and have a cut at N.W. Manchester, which is rapidly becoming as famous a constituency as South Hackney. What is exactly at the back of his very wise head we know not—*but he will not win the seat.* Still, another one will soon be found for him. Meanwhile, who is to have Walthamstow? What price Mr. Masterman—*who will never sit for Bethnal Green again?*

Lord Alverstone's Surprise.

And Lord Alverstone is not to resign, after all! We *don't* think! Of course, he *may* come back after the Long Vacation, but few things are more certain in this life than that before the present Government goes out of office the name of the Lord Chief Justice of England will be—Lord Isaacs. And a first-rate Chief he will make.

The Veil.

Addressing the recent Medical Congress, Sir Edward Grey spoke a lot of platitudinous piffle about the progress of medical science—the most conservative thing in the world—and hinted at the time when its discoveries would do something to "lift the veil which at present shrouds the mystery of Life." When that veil is lifted, it will not be by the medicos. Sir Edward must look to the chemists.

M.P.'s Salaries.

Apart from the question of the legality of the payment of salaries to Members of Parliament until after they have first vacated their seats, has it occurred to you that the Chancellor of the Exchequer holds the Labour M.P.s and others in the hollow of his hand and that at any time he could withdraw or alter the amount, or vary the proportion in the distribution of the stipends? No Act having been passed, the payment rests solely upon an annual "appropriation" of about £250,000 for the use of his Majesty for the payment of members' salaries "for the present session." Nothing is said as to how much per head is to be paid, or whether payment is to be on the basis of "time" or "piece." Here is a tip to Mr. Lloyd George: Let the payment be, say, £1 per member for every division hs takes part in. He will then be sure of his majority.

God and the Kaiser Again.

Of all the European monarchs, the Kaiser has the word of God most often in his mouth. He now claims the Almighty's special interest in German trade. Speaking at Luebeck, the other day, he said, "I protect the merchant. His enemy is my enemy, and may God grant that German trade may develop in time of peace, under His protection, in the future as in the past." Germany's demands upon the attention of the Supreme Being are becoming so numerous and insistent that other nations look like being neglected. All the more reason why we should establish Business Government without delay, as a measure of self-help.

Those Unclaimed Balances.

A local hospital has just benefited to the extent of £1,200, as the result of a discovery that in what used to be known as the Arkwright Bank at Wirksworth (now merged into the Capital and Counties Bank) was a sum left as long ago as 1843 by Mr. Richard Arkwright, son of the famous Sir Richard Arkwright, inventor of the spinning frame. Scarcely a week passes without giving us proof of hidden treasure of this description, and yet the Chancellor of the Exchequer prefers to believe the nonsense told him by his permanent officials, and continues to declare that there is nothing in our Dormant Bank Balances Bill!

Full Speed Ahead.

The Marconi Contract having at last been ratified by Parliament, we trust the work of construction will be put in hand at once and carried to completion with all possible speed. It is now two years since the Committee of Imperial Defence reported that the construction of a chain of wireless stations was a matter of urgency. At any moment during that period we might have paid a heavy price for our lamentable neglect of a matter of supreme strategic importance. By luck rather than foresight, we have again "muddled through."

£1,500 and Free Season Tickets for followers of Football. See page 279.

Leeches in Council.

The medicos have had a roaring time at their international congress, and the excitement was intense when Dr. Guthrie detailed his reasons for supposing that Napoleon I. suffered the pangs of "hypopituitarism" in the evening of his days. We are bound to admit that the learned doctor made out a strong case, and we should be much interested to hear his views on the "latter end," say of Aristotle and Julius Cæsar. The discussion of such erudite problems did not prevent the assembled leeches from having a good deal to say about present day problems of surgery and hygiene. There was a lively discussion upon the use and abuse of alcohol—a sort of hardy annual of medical controversy, and there is ample evidence that medical men are becoming increasingly impressed with the virtues of abstinence—for their patients. If, however, the views of the eminent surgeons who contributed to a discussion upon certain diseases—aptly named "social"—should inspire Governmental action, the Congress will not have met in vain.

Futile Formalities.

The commitment for trial of a Christian Scientist upon a verdict of manslaughter, found by a coroner's jury, serves to direct attention to one or two of the minor anomalies of our judicial system. Although standing committed to the Assizes upon the verdict returned at the inquest, the accused was subsequently taken before a magistrate at the Highgate Police Court and "committed" a second time in respect of the same alleged offence. At the outset of the Assizes, his case will again be considered by the Grand Jury, who must find a "true bill" against him before he can be put on trial with judge and jury. Where a verdict carrying criminal consequence has already been found at an inquest, the magisterial hearing is entirely superfluous, for even if the magistrates chose to dismiss the case the accused must still go for trial on the verdict of the coroner's jury. Grand Jury proceedings are a wholly useless mediæval survival. Such futilities attract little attention, but they involve a woeful waste of time and money.

Pull the String and the Figure Works.

The Yankees appear to be very pleased with their new toy—policewomen, who, Chicago reports, are still giving satisfaction. But it seems that they are greatly handicapped by their dress when sternly chasing fleeing malefactors. But Americans are ingenious, if nothing else. Therefore a special skirt has been designed for the use of the lady "cops." When at rest, it has all the grace and charm of the most unrepentant hobble. But let an offender seek to evade arrest by flight, and lo! a string or tape is pulled, and the policewoman's hobble becomes a bifurcated garment, enabling her to run down the wrong-doer with a maximum of ease. We should like to see this wondrous garment in operation, but dread to think what might happen if in the excitement of the moment the wrong tape were pulled. In that event, we imagine it would be "odds on" the pursued.

Cause and Effect.

At the recent Old Boys' Dinner at Tonbridge School a Mr. Goldberg, presumably one of the Old Boys, made a speech in which he referred to the unexpected and unlikely developments and successes that had attended old Tonbridge scholars. They remembered X, he said, "who always talked such nonsense at school; and now—he is a member of the House of Commons!" Still talking nonsense, no doubt. From what *we* have heard in the House, there must be a large number of members who can claim the distinction of having been educated at Tonbridge School.

Please, Mr. Pease.

A retired London school teacher writes us upon the matter of teachers' pensions. He assures us that as long ago as 1852 he embraced the teaching profession on the strength of a Minute of the Committee of Council on Education (now replaced by a "Board") reading thus: "Teachers upon retiring from work may receive not more than two-thirds of their stipend as pension." This provision was sanctioned by both Houses of Parliament. In 1862, however, it was quietly dropped without notice and without compensation. Such a proceeding amounted to a distinct breach of faith with teachers who had accepted service in reliance upon the Committee's Minute. At a later date a much inferior scheme was introduced. The present Government has set aside a sum for the augmentation of the allowances to retired teachers, but increased pensions will be payable only to teachers superannuated since April, 1912. But what of these who retired prior to that date—the pioneers in the work of State education? Our correspondent rendered forty-four years' service as a certificated teacher, and a grateful nation accords him the munificent pension of thirteen shillings and eightpence a week. Really, Mr. Pease!

Conviction without Proof.

A man may be charged with stealing, or with "receiving," and there is a well-known doctrine of law that a person found in possession of goods recently stolen must satisfactorily account for his possession, or be presumed a thief or receiver. In all such cases, however, the theft must be clearly proved. Recently, at the Johnstone Police Court, Paisley, Bailie Stirling, the presiding magistrate, appears to have dispensed with this formality. Two men found in possession of a watch were unable to satisfy the police as to how they had come by it. They had previously been convicted of theft, and therefore laboured under grave and perhaps unjust suspicion. The magistrate convicted both men of larceny, although no one claimed the watch, and there was no evidence whatever that it had in fact been stolen by the prisoners or anyone else. We trust the case in question affords no index of the general methods of Bailie Stirling and his magisterial colleagues.

The Net Result.

The two wars in the Balkans have cost the belligerents three hundred and fifty thousand lives and two hundred and fifty millions of treasure. On the other side of the account, Turkey may place the break up of her European Empire and a sadly damaged military reputation, while the "Christian" Allies may extract what comfort they can from the discomfiture of their historic foe and the attainment of a "settlement" pregnant with the potentiality of future discord. From the bewildering imbroglio of the past twelve months two conclusions may with certainty be predicted. Never again can the bellicose Allies successfully play martyr to the European gallery. Never again need the calculations of diplomats be disturbed by the tales of the military prowess of the Turk, once known and feared as "the finest soldier in Europe."

What is Cruelty?

The Resident Magistrate at Mitchelstown has decided that the plucking of live geese does not amount to such cruelty as is punishable by law. In the case before him, a number of birds had been almost entirely denuded of their feathers, and if such a piece of barbarity is not illegal cruelty, it is hard to know what is. The decision is a lamentable one. We therefore trust the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will take the case before a higher tribunal.

Can you do the "Hat Trick"? Something quite new. See page 286.

A Little Rift.

The parishioners of St. Lawrence and All Saints, Eastwood, Southend, are threatening a general strike, and the village is agog with excitement and consternation. The church choir is the storm centre. For ten years worshippers at Eastwood have enjoyed the services of a "mixed" choir, in which the liquid voices of ladies have tunefully mingled with the more stentorian notes of men and boys. The ladies have been tastefully attired in cassocks, surplices, and "mortar boards." Sweet they have looked and sweetly they have sung, but a new vicar has recently come upon the scene, and his reverence will have none of them. His fiat has gone forth that they must be cast out of the choir. As a protest against so high-handed and arbitrary a proceeding, the whole choir has resigned. Wherefore, there are shrieks of silence where once was blithesome song. We respectfully submit to the vicar that his action is silly. For if the choir stops singing, many people will cease to attend the parish church of St. Lawrence and All Saints, despite the reverend gentleman's powerful pulpiteering; and if people do not attend, the collections will suffer—a sadly disturbing reflection. We therefore trust that a *modus vivendi* may speedily be found.

A Callous Firm.

Messrs. Jackson, hatters, of Whitefriargate, Hull, will do well to cultivate a more decent regard for the comfort and honour of their female servants. For three months Vera Lockwood, a girl assistant, was pestered to distraction by the improper advances of George Coates, a youth engaged in the men's department. The fellow was more than once guilty of indecent acts and overtures, and the girl's life was made utterly wretched by his unwelcome attentions. The conduct complained of took place upon the premises of the firm, and the girl repeatedly complained to the manager. She also wrote to the firm's headquarters at Stockport, but there was little improvement in the man's behaviour. The rascal was at last guilty of actual violence, and, unable longer to endure his affronts, she instituted criminal proceedings. Coates was fined two pounds and bound over to keep the peace. What have Messrs. Jackson to say?

Kleptomania Personified.

This is the explanation given by the Rev. George Atkinson, a Nonconformist minister of Barrow, when charged at the local police court with stealing a pair of gloves and three pairs of stockings, found in his possession, from a stall in Barrow market: "I intended paying for them after I had attended to the parcel under my arm." As our rev. friend should know, the path to hell is paved with good intentions, while in our milder climate it is the general rule that he as steals wot isn't is'n, when he's cotched goes orf ter prison. The explanation is a little thin, but our mercy, like that of the magistrate, shall be handsome, and we will let him off with a caution. It is desirable, however, that he should find another *locale* for his pastoral sermonising.

Fish to Fry.

Recently the skipper of a Lowestoft herring-fishing drifter took his boat to Ardglass, in Ireland. The first Monday he went ashore he saw an Irish skipper landing herrings from boats which had started fishing at midnight on Sunday. On the following Sunday he followed the local example, but when he tried to land his fish on the Monday morning the Scotch coopers and fishermen working at the port prevented him from doing so, alleging that he had desecrated the Sabbath. "One of these same skippers," says our informant, "ten minutes after the matter was settled, sent his cook aboard for a fry of these same herrings which he would not allow me to land, but he didn't get it." Good.

A Graceless Guest.

When Arthur Coulsten, a sturdy pauper, was charged at the Market Rasen Police Court with "refusing to perform his allotted task," he obligingly explained to the Bench that the Information against him was verbally incorrect. "I didn't refuse," he averred, "I escaped." The impudent fellow had sheltered for the night in the local casual ward, and "skipped" it in the pale, blue dawn. Whereat the Chairman of the Bench was excessively angry, visiting the culprit with severe reproaches. The shameless man had "abused their hospitality," and behaved in a manner which was "very mean for an Englishman." Now it is doubtless right that able-bodied papers should "order themselves lowly and reverently before their betters," and as long as the present Vagrant system endures we suppose there must be "allotted tasks" with penalties for their neglect, but "hospitality" is scarcely the word for a shake-down with six ounces of bread and a pint of gruel, to be "worked out" by chopping the Guardians' wood in the morning. We note that Coulsten is now to enjoy His Majesty's "hospitality" for twenty-eight days. By the time he has finished, that crust and skilly at Market Rasen will have cost him somewhat dear.

Jumping Joseph.

With profound respect we would submit to Mr. Joseph Garfield Gordon Pole, of Mosebank, Shetland, that next time he enters into a shabby and discreditable contract with a poor woman, whereby she obtains possession of a horned beast upon terms which prove impossible of fulfilment, he should rely upon his legal rights rather than indulge in an unequal and undignified scuffle. Moreover, when next he calls upon a lady in the way of business, he should either leave his dogs at home or keep them under control. The picture of a Garfield Gordon Pole chasing a woman and a cow round and round a three-acre field may be highly diverting to onlookers, but is scarcely calculated to impress one with a sense of dignity or fairness. If Mr. Pole would only draw his contracts in a way which would permit of their being exhibited in Court, he would not need to resort to such an exhausting method of asserting his "rights."

A Snub for the Doctor.

"When is a man drunk?" runs the time-honoured conundrum, the simple answer of course being, "When a policeman says so." Harry O'Neill, a Blackburn hawker, was charged at the local Police Court with being drunk and incapable in Penny Street. Several Washingtonian police officers swore to his condition, but produced no independent witness to corroborate their tale. A well-known and highly-respected Blackburn doctor examined O'Neill at the police station. The prisoner answered his question in a proper manner. He "walked the line" with steadiness and precision. He held out both hands without a tremor. He articulated wondrous "tongue-twisters" with absolute clearness. There was no sign that he was drunk. As to the facts against the police, so much the worst for the facts. The police said that O'Neill was drunk—and drunk he was. There was an end of it. One pound and costs. *Fiat Justitia.*

A Horrible Calamity.

According to the *Daily Mail*, after evidence offered at an inquest on a woman shot in Haggerston, Coroner Baxter summed up and then "The jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against White, afterwards committing suicide while of unsound mind." When next Mr. Baxter has occasion to hold an inquest we do hope he will be more careful in the selection of his jury.

"Better than my 10s. 6d. pen"—writes a reader in praise of the "John Bull."

A Drunken Motorist.

Dr. R. H. Spencer, of Alcester, a member of the Warwickshire County Council and a former High Bailiff of Alcester, went out and got shockingly drunk. He then entered his motor-car and proceeded in serpentine fashion through the streets of the town. Narrowly missing a lamp-post, he collided with a horse and trap, splintering the vehicle and damaging the harness. The owner of the trap called to the doctor to shut off his engine, but this he refused to do, his idea of a joke apparently being to see how many more vehicles he could smash up between there and his home. A threat to "punch his head" appears to have induced him to change his mind, and he was ultimately dragged to the police-station—helplessly drunk and scarce able to stand. To these mad follies, which might have cost several lives, Dr. Spencer pleaded guilty. As might have been expected, no adequate punishment was inflicted. In view of the doctor's assurance that he was "intensely sorry," the magistrates let him off with a fine of five pounds. Such penalties afford no sort of protection to the public, and magistrates who impose them are guilty of the breach of a definite duty.

An Arrogant Parson.

The Rev. W. R. Egerton, Vicar of East Rainton, Durham, has an inflated notion of his legal rights, for when Mr. McMann, a monumental sculptor, entered the cemetery for the purpose of engraving an epitaph, the Vicar sued him for trespassing, and damage to the sward. At the County Court it was speedily made clear that the damage was purely fictitious, and that the Vicar's action had arisen because the epitaph in question was not submitted for his august approval. The learned County Court judge made short work of the Vicar's proprietary "rights." The East Rainton parson may some day realise that his church and his graveyard, "as by law established," are in a sense public property, and that if he wants tombstones decorated to his own fancy he had better put them up for himself in his own back garden.

A Just Justice.

The town of Ross, Herefordshire, is happy in the possession of a magistrate who has the courage to speak the truth as he sees it. A youth recently appeared before the local Bench on a charge of disorderly conduct and assaulting a constable. There were counter-allegations against the police, it being suggested they had used unnecessary force in effecting the arrest. In the midst of the proceedings, Mr. H. T. Blake, J.P., declared that he had witnessed the scuffle, and, exchanging the Bench for the witness-box, he gave his brother justices a circumstantial account of the affair, which by no means redounded to the credit of the police. The magistrate's testimony may perhaps have a salutary effect upon the police officers who heard it. It is evident that the men in blue will not have it all their own way while Mr. H. T. Blake holds the Commission of the Peace. Whereat we rejoice.

The Football Season.

Parliament has at length dried up and Football is about to start. There can be no question as to which of the two things interests the public the more. The fact that we are able to offer gigantic cash prizes for correct forecasts of the results of forthcoming matches, without asking for any kind of entrance fee; and that Messrs. Terry and Smallman, of Geneva, are promoting, with our full blessing, a JOHN BULL Football Cup Sweep, with prizes of upwards of £15,000 (and £1,500 for Charities) are eloquent indications of the hold which the winter game has upon the people. Wherefore, down with Party politics, and up with the leather ball!

Saddening Statistics.

While our elementary school children are receiving an "education" compounded of a smattering of all the sciences and a sprinkling of most of the arts, Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer to the Board of Education, declares that in his judgment "the great, urgent, pressing need is nutrition." Insufficient or improper feeding paves the way for the inroads of disease, and the figures with which Sir George supports his contention deserve close scrutiny. Half the youngsters in our primary schools are suffering from dental caries with consequent digestive disorders; while one child in every ten is the victim of maladies directly traceable to chronic malnutrition. Saddest of all, the terrible scourge of tuberculosis numbers among its victims no less than one hundred and twenty thousand of the children. In the light of these sinister statistics, it would appear that the urgent need of the children of the poor is not "a ladder leading to the university," but rather a helping hand which may lift them a few feet from this terrible "slough of despond."

Selfish Guardians.

The Wandsworth Poor Law Guardians, baulked of their free teas by the veto of the Local Government Board, have awarded themselves a solatium in the shape of a brand new carpet for their board room, which will cost the ratepayers a trifle of £54. We have no doubt that the handsome floor covering will be the admiration of all beholders, and we trust its glories may not escape the notice of the L.G.B. Inspector when next he honours the Union with an official visit. Meanwhile, the Guardians of Camberwell's poor have pointed the more excellent way. Six hundred inmates of the Gordon Road Workhouse will shortly enjoy an al fresco "musical evening." It is good to know that there are Poor Law Guardians of a worthier type than that with which the borough of Wandsworth is temporarily cursed.

Excited Foresters.

We are at a loss to understand the indignation of the High Court of the Ancient Order of Foresters at the proposal to pay Maternity Benefit to the mothers instead of to the men. Our own view is that, while the suggested amendment will make not a scrap of difference to a decent husband, it will afford a valuable protection to women whose "lords and masters" lack a proper sense of their marital responsibilities. The Foresters' High Court, however, are insistent upon the husband's inalienable right to "collect" the benefit, and so keen is their resentment that they have determined to press their view upon every member of the House of Commons—by telegram. So "bang goes saxpence"—670 times. Do the rank and file of the Order approve of such a disbursement of their funds, and will the telegraphic messages embody the views of the members at large?

Another Up-to-Date Crime.

Calling at the Waldorf Toilet Saloon in St. Peter's Square, Manchester, at 3.45 on a recent afternoon, a Shops Act Inspector caught a youth in the act of eating his tea. Now the Shops Act provides that assistants shall enjoy a tea interval between the hours of four and seven, and the inspector therefore reported to the magistrates that the assistant in question had eaten his tea at the wrong time. A summons having been issued it was, of course, contemptuously dismissed by the Bench, the Chairman remarking that never in his life had he heard of a more ridiculous prosecution. Certain Shops Act Inspectors appear to have determined to reduce the operation of the statute to a screaming absurdity.

Mammoth Prizes—£1,500, £300, £150, and £100 for Football skill. See page 279.

"What is This?"

Here is even the *Sunday Times* letting the cat out of the bag:—

> It is impossible to read Friday's debate on the Marconi Contract without realising what a heavy price we pay for our party system of government. Here is a question of the very greatest importance to large national interests and one demanding to be decided entirely by standards of a strictly business or scientific character. There is properly no room at all for influences or considerations of a partisan nature if the interests of the nation are to be served. Yet what do we find? The House of Commons divided on severely party lines, discussing issues which can only be weighed by experts with a vehemence that would hardly be exceeded on some burning topic of ordinary political controversy, and voting for reasons which are entirely irrelevant to the merits of the question under discussion.

Verily the harvest looks promising. We shall soon be gathering it in.

First Lord's Sympathy.

With a renewal of that practical sympathy which has characterised his administration of the Admiralty, Mr. Churchill has introduced an innovation which will be warmly appreciated by the men of the lower deck. With the Home Fleet at Portland, week-end journeys to Portsmouth have involved the sailors in heavy expenditure upon railway fares. To obviate this, the First Lord has now placed a battleship at the disposal of men desiring to spend their week-end leave at home. Well done, Winston!

The Week's "Chestnut."

Why will the Channel never be swum by a woman? Because she could not keep her mouth shut!

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

THE MODERN MAID.

Let stodgy folks Victorian bepraise
The bread-and-butter miss of ancient days;
Let them their eyes religiously avert
From the abbreviated hobble skirt,
Lest they in inadvertency should sin
By catching glimpses of a satin skin
That clothes a rounded ankle, calf,
And straight and sturdy shin.

Let them the bashful maiden still admire
Who stitched her sampler by the winter fire,
Or who, in summer, plucked the daisies pied,
Or wandered on, the bubbling brook beside:
Let them such vapid creatures still esteem,
Their un-sunned faces faintly rose and cream,
And who upon the least excuse
Would promptly faint or scream.

Give me the modern maiden, tanned and sweet,
Robust of limb, and firm upon her feet,
With shoulders men may lean upon, and graced
With a strong, supple, unrestricted waist:
With arms like Juno's, bosom deep and wide,
That swells with womanhood's unconscious pride—
THAT *is the type of girl that I*
Would have me by my side!

What though her hands be broad?—Their grasp is true.
And what her feet—if they but speed to you?
What though her face through sun and wind be brown
If her bright eyes look love to you alone?
What though her weight be trying to your knees?
Her sweet abundance should the better please:
The more robust your lady is
The more there is to squeeze!

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

["*Taking the Biscuit*" *has become a classic phrase, expressive of a satirical reward or recognition. In this column we present, in all good humour, the token to such of our contemporaries and others as may have distinguished themselves by some unconventional utterance or act.*]

For stating in "The Daily News and Leader" that: "It is a long LANE *that has* NO SILVER LINING,"

"SUB ROSA"
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following advertisement in the "Indicator" (Harrow Road, W.): "BASSINETTE *to let,* KITCHEN, BREAKFAST ROOM, *very convenient,*"

THE ADVERTISER (7, Portsdown Road, Maida Vale)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in a serial story running in "The Penny Magazine" that: "Margherita . . . was EATING *chocolate* WITH BOTH HANDS"

MR. MAX PEMBERTON
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising in the Goldsboro' "Daily Argus" (Goldsboro', N.C.): "Indian Hair Grower cures dandyruff . . . BALD HEADS GUARANTEED *or money refunded"*

MESSRS. ROBINSON (Drug Store, Goldsboro')
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For heading a "long complete novel": "A Fair Maid's Money. The story of a girl whose HAPPINESS WAS WRECKED BY A WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR,"

CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "The 'Royal George' is the ONLY *vessel that can fly the blue ensign, although the C.P.R. 'Empress of Ireland,' sailing between Liverpool and Quebec, has the* SAME RIGHT,"

THE CLEVEDON MAIL AND SOMERSET TIMES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "Fortune's Well (Weymouth) was well patronised by the trippers, whose demands for picture postcards seem like the WIDOW'S CURSE—NEVER TO DRY UP,"

THE SOUTHERN TIMES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the statement that: "He was the FIRST *to arrive, to the surprise of* EVERY ONE PRESENT,"

THE CIRCUIT NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "There were seven competitors in a 100 YARDS *challenge race which was* WON *by D. Hillington (Radcliffe) by nearly a* QUARTER OF A MILE,"

THE SPORTING LIFE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting a man as stating: "Annie Brewer was my mother. I was BORN *at Albury, in Herts, in* 1848, WHEN I LEFT SCHOOL,"

THE STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For heading a handbill announcing "An express HALF-DAY *excursion" to Blackpool: "*A DAY *at the seaside,"*

THE LONDON & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

HALF-A-CROWN FOR EVERY "BISCUIT" PUBLISHED.

We give 2s. 6d. to the sender of every "Biscuit" published. Should the same item be forwarded by several competitors, preference will be given to the one whose letter is first opened. In forwarding newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be sent to identify the name of the paper and date of issue. Envelopes must be addressed to "The Biscuit Editor."

Three consecutive shots on the Target and—the money rings. See page 286.

UNCONVENTIONAL THOUGHTS.

By the Editor.

[*The views expressed in these articles represent the unsettled personal convictions of the Editor, as distinguished from the settled policy of this journal; they are, therefore, written in the first person—(very) singular.*]

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I use the word Beer in a generic sense, as connoting not only the delicious beverage brewed from malt and hops, but also every other form of manly drink, such as wines, spirits and liqueurs.

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Blessed be Beer!

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It is, in our judgment, extremely doubtful if the man is really fit to resume such arduous and dangerous employment as that in which he has hitherto been engaged, but, to waive the point for the moment, four months' half-pay is surely an utterly inadequate solatium for the loss of an eye. Apart from the distress and disfigurement of such an injury, the man's wage-earning capacity is seriously and permanently impaired. Even if he went back to work tomorrow he would go back woefully handicapped, and with little chance of advancement in his chosen craft. Yet, for these sad hurts and deprivations he is to receive not a penny of compensation beyond the four months' maintenance allowance paid him up to last March.

As the law at present stands, far too much latitude is allowed to County Court judges in the matter of compensation claims, and unjust awards appear to be growing far too common. In the case of definite and permanent injuries, such as the loss of an eye or a limb, there should surely be a fixed scale of compensation, similar to those in use for purposes of ordinary accidental insurance. Half wages should be payable till the maimed worker can resume employment, and there should then be a lump sum awarded as a solatium for the irremediable loss. Some such amendment of the law is imperatively demanded.

"IDEAL HOMES."

BUSINESS, POETRY, AND A QUESTION OR TWO.

A City architect sends us a copy of a circular which is apparently going the rounds of the profession. It emanates from a concern trading as the "Ideal Homes Company" at 40 Dewe Road, Brighton, and the letter paper is tastefully decorated with sketches of snug homesteads, with trim grass plots and neatly bordered paths. Recipients of this seductive missive are invited to entertain a "specupation" in Building Estate development, and the ravishing simplicity of the "Ideal Homes" scheme is then set forth with lamentable illiteracy, but with a wealth of cheery optimism and an abundance of picturesque phrase. The promoters of the scheme know a charming district with residential possibilities as yet scarce suspected—except by "Ideal Homes." Two hundred feet above the sea-level—lovely view of the sea—lovely scenery everywhere—every prospect pleases, till we "doubt if Eden were more fair."

The scheme is simplicity itself. You give "Ideal Homes" your money, and they buy some land. They then form a "syndicate" which "develops" the land. The land will then be sold to a bigger syndicate and—hey presto! your fortunes are made. You at once set up motor cars and dine every night at the Ritz. So simple!

While the circular is addressed primarily to architects, we gather that other desirable people—possessed of the "ready"—will not be excluded from the blessings of the scheme. We have no wish to mar the beauties of these poetic projects by sordid curiosity, but who are "Ideal Homes, Ltd."? Why, too, are they so anxious to "specupate"—and why—oh, why! can't they find money enough to employ a typist who can type, punctuate and spell?

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"IDEAL HOMES."

BUSINESS, POETRY, AND A QUESTION OR TWO.

A City architect sends us a copy of a circular which is apparently going the rounds of the profession. It emanates from a concern trading as the "Ideal Homes Company" at 40 Dewe Road, Brighton, and the letter paper is tastefully decorated with sketches of snug homesteads, with trim grass plots and neatly bordered paths. Recipients of this seductive missive are invited to entertain a "specupation" in Building Estate development, and the ravishing simplicity of the "Ideal Homes" scheme is then set forth with lamentable illiteracy, but with a wealth of cheery optimism and an abundance of picturesque phrase. The promoters of the scheme know a charming district with residential possibilities as yet scarce suspected—except by "Ideal Homes." Two hundred feet above the sea-level—lovely view of the sea—lovely scenery everywhere—every prospect pleases, till we "doubt if Eden were more fair."

The scheme is simplicity itself. You give "Ideal Homes" your money, and they buy some land. They then form a "syndicate" which "develops" the land. The land will then be sold to a bigger syndicate and—hey presto! your fortunes are made. You at once set up motor cars and dine every night at the Ritz. So simple!

While the circular is addressed primarily to architects, we gather that other desirable people—possessed of the "ready"—will not be excluded from the blessings of the scheme. We have no wish to mar the beauties of these poetic projects by sordid curiosity, but who are "Ideal Homes, Ltd."? Why, too, are they so anxious to "specupate"—and why—oh, why! can't they find money enough to employ a typist who can type, punctuate and spell?

LORD GLADSTONE'S GHASTLY BLUNDER.

BRITISH BULLETS FOR BOER AND BRITON——A GRISLY COMMENTARY ON THE WAR.

The situation upon the Rand to-day is, at best, an armed truce. The first wild outbreak of violence has been ruthlessly repressed, but there is no peace, and the quietude of the moment is tense with foreboding. Calm has succeeded storm, but it is the calm of temporary reaction—ominous with grim presage.

Our world-wide circulation brings us into something like personal touch with white men everywhere. Moreover, we are free from the trammels of Party, free from sordid political exigencies, free from the odious necessity of special pleading. It is ours to speak plain words on matters of moment, careless that they be ugly, so only they be true.

And we can afford to remember. To remember the black days of the three years' war, which was to blot out the sinister past and open up an industrial millennium to the workers of South Africa. To remember Magersfontein and Colenso; to recall that black and terrible winter week in 1899 when the heart of Britain was nigh to breaking, and her glory was for the moment submerged in a welter of shame and blood. And we, alone among politicians, need not scruple to reflect that the whole piteous business was part of the price which we Britishers are always paying for our incredible stupidity in permitting the destinies of an Empire to be the sport of a handful of idlers at play. When the treaty of peace had been signed, and our shocked and frightened legislators sat down to contemplate the wreckage wrought by incompetence and folly, then truly was Party placed in the pillory—fit object for the mockery of plain men. An artist's brush might paint the metaphor. Party—some poor fool on a lonely highway—the laughing-stock of the countryside and the prey of thieves.

But it was over. A short and casual dirge—and then a pæan of exultant acclamation. Britain for the British—Hands across the sea—A United South Africa—Equal rights for all white men—Britons never, never, never, should be slaves! Mr. Chamberlain spoke it. England had believed him and given of her best in blood and treasure. Canada and Australia had believed, and the sturdy whelps had leapt to the aid of their mother—their blood up and their courage undaunted. British law for Britishers! Justice for the Uitlanders! St. George for Merry England—and God defend the right!

The Facts.

And now? Boer and Briton shot down like dogs in the streets of Johannesburg by the bullets of British dragoons. Treason! Sedition! Mischievous agitation! No, no, gentlemen—*fact*. Conclusions may be drawn later. For the moment we are not arguing. "Facts first—controversy later" is the only logical order. Men who believed Mr. Chamberlain's assurance and of their own free will risked their lives to end the Afrikander tyranny, and to throw South Africa open to the beneficent influence of British rule, have cowered under the very muzzles of British rifles, in terror of their lives. No wicked discrimination between Boer and Briton; equal rights for all white men—to "a whiff of grapeshot." Justice for the Uitlanders—in terms of police truncheons and the sabres of dragoons; and Louis Botha, ex-Boer commandant, hated Afrikander, friend and *protégé* of Paul Kruger, sits at Government House and discusses more justice for Uitlanders with an ex-Radical Minister and notorious "pro-Boer." Politics? No, no, gentlemen—still facts. "The dragoons are coming." How often have the words cheered the hearts of brave men fighting a forlorn hope at some outpost of Empire! Rarely has British soldiery been put to a more inglorious use than on that fateful July evening a month ago. No adequate warning was given; there was a dense and surging crowd, scant means of escape, an imperfect understanding of the situation. "Fire!" The order was scarce heard—there was a frantic, panic-stricken rush—defenceless, unarmed, and inoffensive men furnished billets for the bullets. Helpless women fell—to the rifles of British soldiers! This was too much for one man. "Leave the women alone—shoot me!" he cried. 'Twas his only crime. Seven British bullets riddled his exposed body. The ordinary canons of civilised warfare were disregarded. The Red Cross was fired upon. A soldier tending the wounded was himself shot—by a horrible accident, we must try to assume. When the fighting was over 23 dead and wounded—the latter variously estimated at from two to four hundred—lay prostrate beneath the blood-stained Flag of Union. 'Twas a famous victory! But at what cost!

And what was it all about? A strike at the New Kleinfontein mine had precipitated a general labour disturbance throughout the Rand. Those who know anything of the conditions of the gold-mining industry—of the terrific mortality—of the horrible ravages of miners' phthisis—will have no difficulty in gauging the exciting causes of industrial discontentment among the miners of the Transvaal. A proposal to increase working hours and to reduce pay precipitated a crisis. A general strike was declared right along the Reef. Johannesburg was the centre of disturbance, and there the authorities feared violence. But the men sought a peaceful outlet for their pent-up feelings. They adopted a course which commended itself to the orderly citizens of the town. They arranged to hold a mass meeting in the Market Square. No single outbreak of violence had yet occurred, and no sign of *sabotage* was visible. The situation, though delicate in the extreme, yet presented reassuring features. The police had matters well in hand. Then, with almost incredible ineptitude, Lord Gladstone forbade the meeting. In the opinion of competent judges, the horrible sequel might have been avoided but for the hideous mistake of the Governor-General. 'Twas a blunder of the order which are worse than crimes.

The Old *Casus Belli*.

It boots little to discuss the pros and cons of the subsequent rioting. The Governor's fiat served to inflame the passions of the strikers, who appear none the less to have conducted themselves with a large measure of restraint. The "attack" on the Rand Club, made much of by the capitalist Press, appears at the worst to have been the work of a handful of desperadoes. A careful perusal of the accounts of eye-witnesses utterly fails to disclose such circumstances as might have justified the Draconian severity displayed by the Governor-General. It rather appears that the lamentable employment of the soldiery was traceable to the distraction of a man in a moment of supreme crisis. The letting loose of the dragoons was the complement of the hideous error which had forbidden a peaceful mass meeting in the confines of Market Square.

And the grim irony of it all! Free speech—the priceless birthright of Britons! Free speech which the Boers denied to the Uitlanders under the Afrikander régime—so that we fought and broke the power of Kruger, getting fearfully mauled in the process, but winning through as we always do! Free speech was demanded by Boer and Briton in the Johannesburg Market Square, and was denied—at the eleventh hour—without parley or explanation! It was refused by virtue of an old Afrikander statute devised by Paul Kruger for the repression of agitating Uitlanders in the days preceding the Boer War. The statute employed against Britishers by Lord Gladstone was an integral part of our *casus belli* against the Boers.

The hated fiat of the old Dutch gang, echoed by the nerveless pro-consul with the approval of an ex-Boer commandant, has once more stained the soil of the Rand with British blood.

And so there can be no peace; for such cruel ironies rankle in the hearts of men. There can be no peace while mine owners are rapacious and Governments tolerant of their rapacity. No peace while mining means murder, and the price of gold is blood. No peace till the helm of State is placed in the strong hands of one of Britain's few big men.

A HULLABALOO AT HULL.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS FOR HULL HUMBUGS.

The Hull humbugs are "going it." They have decided upon what has been euphemistically called "a spirited campaign against evil," but which we venture to designate a disgusting orgy of muck-raking. Magistrates, prominent citizens, heads of colleges and schools, the clergy and other "Nosy Parkers" too numerous to mention, have been invited by the Watch—or, rather, Peeping Tom—Committee to offer suggestions as to how the morals of the city may be improved. So far thirty-two (and some of them are dirty, too) suggestions have been made public, from which we select the following for special mention:—

Bands not to play in parks after dark.

Censorship over current literature.

Private warnings to parents of young people "behaving suspiciously."

Watching conduct of boys and girls secretly using the *poste restante*.

But why these half-mesures? Why these merely tentative efforts to cleanse that sink of iniquity so appropriately known by the name of Hull? We are surprised at the moderation of the reformers. With so foul an Augean stable to be purified, it is almost criminal. We therefore, in the interests of public morality as understood in Hull, beg to offer a few suggestions of our own, trusting that the pious Stigginses—particularly mean citizens of no mean city—who are so solicitous of the virtue of the inhabitants, may see their way either to adopt them or drop the whole business—in other words, go the Hull hog or none.

(1) That no marriage ceremony be permitted to take place in Hull until the priest, minister, or registrar officiating has been satisfied that the happy pair have provided themselves with twin bedsteads.

(2) That no household be permitted the use of naked lights.

(3) That the Hull Constabulary be provided with fowling pieces, to shoot at sight any sparrow, domestic fowl or other bird detected in the act of love-making in any public place.

(4) That no legs of mutton be permitted to be exposed for sale in any butcher's shop unless provided with a suitable garment to disguise the nature of the limb.

(5) That public conveniences be provided for dogs and horses using the streets, and that any animal failing to avail itself of such conveniences be incontinently shot.

(6) That no feminine underwear be permitted to be exposed for sale in any shop window, unless the said window be provided with blue glass of suitable and requisite opacity.

(7) That no child over the age of six months be permitted to wear short socks in any public place.

(8) That all animals be provided with suitable trousers or divided skirts, according to the sex of the said animals.

(9) That all persons of opposite sexes seen speaking together be followed by an Inspector appointed for that purpose, to see what it leads to.

(10) That a requisite number of Inspectors be appointed to go round at night and peep into all lighted bedroom windows, by means of collapsible ladders provided for the purpose, to see what is going on, and to report accordingly.

(11) That the sexes shall be strictly separated at church, chapel, Salvation Army meetings, and all public entertainments.

(12) That one side of each thoroughfare be reserved solely for the use of females, and that all male foot passengers using the same be summarily arrested for disorderly conduct likely to lead to a breach of the peace.

The adoption of these suggestions should make Hull one of the most desirable places in England to live out of.

INSURANCE——AND "ASSURANCE."

GOLDSMITH'S FORTY-POUNDS-A-YEAR PARSON OUTDONE.

The Insurance Committee for the West Riding of Yorkshire are advertising for a "District Committee Clerk," and the salary they generously offer is £10 per annum. The announcement stipulates that the person appointed must provide an office where callers can be received and information given. If any of our Yorkshire readers wish to apply for the post, they should communicate with Mr. F. W. Slingsby, Thorpe Underwood Hall, York.

KEIR HARDIE'S LATEST.

HIS MORBID CURIOSITY CHECKMATED.

Though once again Mr. Queer Hardie's hunger and thirst after notoriety has led him to a mare's nest, the publicity given to the inner facts of the Queenie Gerald case should serve to warn the Treasury authorities against a practice which has latterly become all too common in some of the courts, that of suppressing names. The suppression of names, especially if they chance to be of the "upper class," naturally arouses suspicion in the lower one that justice is somehow being cheated. In this case, it is evident an injustice would have been done if the names found in the books of this woman at her flat in Piccadilly had been revealed, because they were not the signatures of the men themselves, members of the House of Lords or not, but were in the handwriting of the woman; and while letters found at the flat indicated that "Queenie" had been requested to procure innocent girls, there was no evidence that she had done so. On the contrary, all the girls who gave evidence as to what went on at this flat in fashionable Piccadilly were admittedly of a common class. Whether the Treasury counsel would have been as careful not to do injustice by not revealing the names found in the books if they had been those of another class, is not for us to conjecture.

We do not look to Mr. Hardie for balance of judgment or scrupulousness of measure. Vindictive as he is reckless, this wild and woolly politician does not care a straw about the justice or injustice of revealing the names of these men as long as their disclosure serves his own purposes in blackening the reputations of those who, according to rumour, bear them. No wonder Mr. McKenna, the Home Secretary, demanded to know whether he insisted in his demand for disclosure in the House of Commons, notwithstanding that the owners of the names might be as innocent as himself and that by disclosing them he might be bringing the grossest charge and causing the acutest misery to innocent men. "I do," said Mr. Hardie, "in the interests of the men accused." That was a lie, and Mr. Hardie knew it was a lie. He did not and does not wish for the disclosure of these names in the interests of the men accused. He wants the disclosure, to damn them on suspicion, without a jot or a tittle of legal evidence. If the fact of names being found in the books of such a woman, against whom no charge of trading as a procuress with them can be made, is to justify disclosure, then everybody with whom she may have done business—her stockbroker, her landlord, her coal merchant, her butcher, her tinker, and her tailor, and all the rest of them—must suffer to be dragged into the moral slush, not in process of law or justice, but to satisfy the curiosity and abate the suspicions of—Mr. Hardie. The demand is ludicrous; its satisfaction would be monstrous; and Mr. McKenna would deserve to be hounded from office if he had not resisted it.

AN IMPUDENT IMPOSTOR.

MONTAGUE VERNON DOWN ON HIS KNEES.

The impudent impostor Montague Vernon, of 56, Green Lanes, Stoke Newington, whom we exposed in our issues of May 31st and June 14th, is now on his knees begging for mercy. Here is a copy of his latest effusion—which, by the way, is printed, thus suggesting that his "dissatisfied clients" must be many:—

56, Green Lanes,
Stoke Newington,
London, N.

DEAR SIR OR MADAM,—For the past four months I have faithfully carried out the terms of my advertisements by returning the fees of dissatisfied clients. I am quite prepared to return your fee now, but before doing so, I ask you to allow me to send you efforts for another four weeks. This request is made as my fight with JOHN BULL is a severe strain upon my resources. Hoping you will accept my offer, and so help to relieve the pressure which is being put upon me by the journal in question.—I am, yours faithfully, MONTAGUE VERNON.

Let us state that we have no "fight" with this parasite. He is simply a creature clinging on to the coat tails of some of our "Bullets" competitors—and we have flicked him off with our whip.

"Our new "Hat Trick." Can you do it? See page 286.

HITTING BELOW THE BELT.

GILLINGHAM CLUB COMMITEE'S BLUNDER.

The Committee of the Rock Avenue Working Men's Club, Gillingham, Kent, recently discharged the Steward in circumstances which convince us that a grave injustice has been perpetrated. The man's dismissal was effected in opposition to the wishes of the bulk of the members—a peculiarly high-handed proceeding. The trouble seems to have originated in some sort of altercation between the Steward and a Committeeman, which was dealt with in a manner which affords a striking illustration of the methods favoured by those responsible for the control of the Club.

The offending employee was ordered to attend a Committee meeting at which the complainant—his accuser—was present. The Committeeman stated his case against the Steward, and his story was corroborated by several of his friends—this part of the business being despatched before the Steward was called in. The man subsequently appeared, and strenuously denied the charges of insolence and truculence brought against him. He then withdrew, and the Committee ordered that he should apologise to the complainant, such apology to be placed on the Club notice board within forty-eight hours. It will be noted that the man had enjoyed no opportunity of learning the details of the charge against him, neither was he permitted to call witnesses in defence or extenuation of his conduct.

On the other hand, the complainant Committeeman had not only been present at the hearing, but had assisted in the discussion and voted on the verdict obtained against the Steward—thus practically acting as prosecutor, judge and jury combined.

The Steward was highly popular in the Club, and there was much resentment of the Committee's action. So strong was the feeling that the Committeemen realised the necessity for some sort of compromise. Having tried, convicted, and punished the accused, they at length resolved with all seriousness—" that he be now heard."

Heard he accordingly was—and to such purpose that the Committee climbed down with amazing rapidity. The apology was cancelled. The Steward was merely desired to comport himself towards Committeemen with slightly greater tact. At the next half-yearly meeting of the Club, the man was thanked for his admirable services during the past year.

A short time after, two or three Committeemen again reported the Steward for insolent behaviour towards them.

Just at this time, moreover, there was a strange shrinkage in the bar profits of the Club. Three members were constituted a Sub-Committee to investigate the matter, and they reported a grave falling off. Suspicion pointed to the Steward, but before bringing matters to a crisis, the Committee consulted the Secretary of the Club and Institute Union as to the correct line of procedure. This official's reply was cynically laconic—" Change your steward."

Now mark. The Union Secretary's judgment was based upon the assumption that the Club glasses were of eight-ounce capacity. The Club Secretary was of the same opinion. The Sub-Committee who found a shortage based all their investigations upon a similar hypothesis. But the Secretary now received a report from the stock-taker and gauger, declaring that the glasses were not of eight, but of nine and a half, ounces capacity. Hence the supposed leakage. Hence the falling of profit. Hence the unjust suspicion against the Steward. But the Committee, with almost incredible meanness, refused to re-open the investigations—for fear, apparently, that they should result in the vindication of the man whom they wished to injure in return for some fancied slight. Under a cloud of cruel suspicion, they dismissed the Steward. Two days later a lad was caught stealing pence from the till—a circumstance which may shed some light on any part of the alleged shortage which might otherwise be unexplained.

A General Meeting of Club members has demanded the reinstatement of the Steward, in whom they retain complete confidence—but without result. The Committee are pursuing a line of insolent arrogance, but this is the concern of the members, who will doubtless find a means of bringing them to their senses. It is the unwarrantable dismissal of a man on a pretext amounting to a criminal charge which calls for public protest. The sordid tale of spite and spleen will evoke the condemnation of just men.

BUNGLING BUREAUCRATS.

A FEW WAR OFFICE STORIES.

England not having a Business Government, the affairs of the nation are left to permanent officials, by whom we are fearfully and wonderfully misgoverned. Ordinary affairs which any experienced clerk could transact satisfactorily seem beyond the capacity of our bureaucrats.

Of late much land has been acquired for Army purposes. To extend one tract in use it was necessary to secure a holding from an owner who was unwilling to sell. Resort was made to compulsory purchase; but the vendor, not wishing to be dispossessed, withheld assistance. When the price had been fixed, the transfer made, and the purchase money paid, the vendor still refused to give up possession of two or three enclosures, contending that they were not included in the conveyance. The officials thought otherwise, but impressed by the representations of the vendor's solicitors, deemed it advisable to take the opinion of counsel. They did so. The learned lawyer pointed out that what had been purchased was not so many acres, roods and perches, as specified in the deed, but a certain piece of land coloured red, green, yellow, or something else, on a plan attached to the parchment. As the enclosures claimed by the vendor were not so coloured, it was evident they had not been purchased, so the vendor was within his rights in continuing to occupy them.

The War Office had to find a way out for themselves. As they were owners now of all the land surrounding the enclosures in dispute, they attempted to deny the vendor access to the land not transferred by the deed. But the vendor persisted in obtaining access to the land and in cultivating it. Once more the War Office took counsel's opinion. Once more it was shown that their claim was wrong; the vendor had right of way over the land the War Office had compulsorily acquired of him. The enclosures in dispute were deemed to be necessary to the scheme, so had to be acquired, and they were acquired, as the other land already had been!

On some War Office lands buildings have to be erected and these have to be equipped with extensive electric installations. So the War Office made an arrangement with a firm of consulting engineers to purchase for the department such electric plant, fittings and gear as they thought suitable, receiving as payment for their services something over 5 per cent. commission on the purchase price. At some subsequent date the War Office deemed it advisable to appoint its own electrical engineer as overseer of the electric constructions and installations. One was appointed. Then the War Office proceeded with the buildings. In the meantime the salaried engineer is waiting for the time to arrive when he shall have something to do; the buying experts, being paid by commission, buy as, where and when they think advantageous. The stuff purchased accumulates, possibly deteriorates, has to be stored, and the public—PAYS!

A SHROPSHIRE SHARK.

ENTERPRISING EDGE OF ELLESMERE.

" I am no adventurer, but a business man," says John Edge, of Ellesmere, Shropshire, in a circular letter he is distributing through the post. With this introduction he proceeds to state that for over twenty years he has been in business at his present address as a metal merchant, but having found out an easy way to get rich quick he is desirous of letting others share his secret. In order to have a good haul, he goes on to explain that " no technical knowledge is required, no canvassing, and there is nothing to sell "—after which he comes to business. " I will forward you outline of scheme upon receipt of 2s. 6d., which will at once be returned if you find that for any reason you do not care to go on with it." We need not quote any more of this trickster's circular beyond stating that his get-rich-quick scheme is backing first favourites at certain race meetings. Edge is also very accommodating, for he politely intimates that he is prepared to invest the winnings of the prospective dupe! One of our correspondents who asked for the return of his half-crown didn't get it—which goes to prove that Edge is no philanthropist after all.

Don't delay your Football entries. Read our attractive and mammoth offer on page 279.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

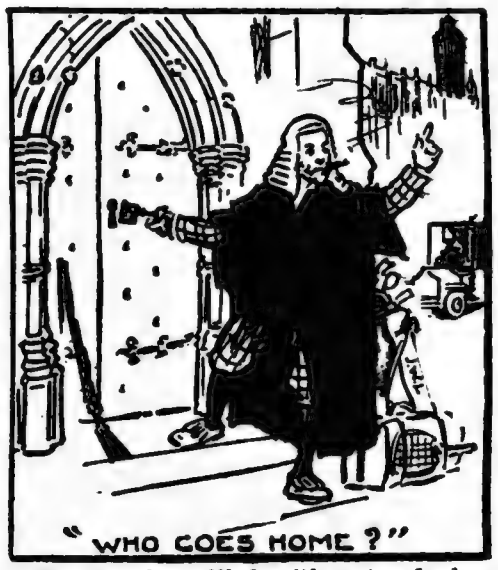
Again the silly season's here,
When giant gooseberries appear;
The *Daily Mail* marks the event,
And now awaits the sea serpent.

Though Kaiser Bill and Edward Grey
Play with the Allies as they may,
They'll see again war's clouds advance
When bad Bulgaria gets the chance.

To check their anarchistic aims
The Czar his people proffers games,
In hopes that Sport's unfailing charm
Red revolution will disarm.

The Land Enquiry, when disclosed—
Lloyd George with twinkling eyes deposed—
A far less vicious cat will be
Than what the Tories think to see.

Both Hirst and Haigh, at cricket great,
Grow greater since they put on weight;
Good "all round" athletes such as these
Always contrive the crowd to please.



The Speaker, filled with natural glee,
Smiles as he turns the Commons' key;
Though politics are but a game,
They pall upon one all the same.

A CATCHPENNY.

REAL "COPPERS" WANTED FOR COUNTERFEITS.

Although there are stringent laws, inflexibly enforced, against any reproduction of British stamps—however clumsily it may be done, or although it may be a sheer impossibility that the result can be put to improper use—there seems nothing to prevent such imitation of the coinage. For instance, a member of our staff, on pulling out of his pocket a handful of coppers, found among them a very clever reproduction in cardboard of a penny, which had been accepted the night before among change from an omnibus conductor. It bore on one side the head of the late Queen Victoria, which must have been kept uppermost while it was being palmed off—while on the other was an advertisement of Pathé's phonographic discs. We suggest to the authorities that it is time the law stepped in to render such petty fraud impossible, and to Messrs. Pathé that, in the meantime, they should stop this objectionable form of advertising, as it offers a great temptation to poor people to be dishonest. Doubtless in this case the evil has been "wrought by want of thought" more than "by want of heart"; but the very fact that a firm of Messrs. Pathé's standing have adopted so mistaken a method of advertising tends to induce people in a smaller way of business to "go one better" in the same direction—with results likely to be appalling to those who have at heart the morals of the rising generation. The papers are so full of the evils alleged to result from attendance at "picture palaces" that those in the business should be doubly careful.

LEBONG LAMBS.

PSEUDO-DISCIPLINE IN THE KING'S OWN.

The King's Own Regiment is stationed at Lebong, India, and we are informed they are smarting under a great grievance. Some weeks ago, it seems, it was reported to the military authorities that a soldier in kharki uniform had assaulted a native, whereupon the men of the King's Own were told that the guilty party had to give himself up to justice at once. There is no evidence that the culprit belongs to the regiment—anyway, he did not come forth to be spanked. The consequence of this grave breach of military discipline is that the regiment is now ordered to find a picket every day, under a non-commissioned officer, to patrol the road on which the native got his head punched. The special duty commences at 1.30 p.m. and is continued until 8 p.m. We do not know who is responsible for this piece of tomfoolery, but we point out to the commanding officer that this is what is termed collective punishment, and that a colonel of the Bedfordshire Regiment not long ago was compelled to resign his commission for administering it. Moreover, how comes it that the King's Own are singled out as being the assailants of this native? Detachments of the Middlesex Regiment, the Black Watch, and the Argyles are also at Lebong. How is it that these men are not called upon to stand and deliver up a culprit or do picket duty? To punish a whole regiment simply because the culprit cannot be found is not only silly, but criminal. It is acts of this description which breed discontent. Under military law, however, lion-hearted men can be broken into limping lambs.

£1,500 and Free Season Tickets for followers of Football. See page 279.

"LORD LOREBURN'S LOLLYPOPS."

A WICKED, MISCHIEVOUS AND FOOLISH BILL.

(By a Working Clergyman of the Church of England.)

I call Lord Loreburn's Bill a wicked Bill, because it is unquestionably wicked to set oneself deliberately to diminish the sum of harmless pleasure and enjoyment in the world, contrary to that broad and large-hearted spirit of tolerance which every good man should deem it part of his duty to cultivate. Newspaper prize competitions afford not only a pleasant and morally innocuous pastime; but are to a considerable degree educational; and what is of great importance ethically, they serve to relieve and dispel that deadly monotony which shadows so many lives, and is the fruitful source of so much that is really harmful and regrettable. It is to me absolutely amazing that with so many real wrongs calling for righting, so many genuine iniquities needing the searchlight of investigation, Lord Loreburn should have pitched upon a harmless and legitimate popular amusement as a thing deserving Parliamentary repression. It is wicked because it is an attempt to rob thousands of people of a wholly innocent pleasure. Newspaper competitions are not gambling concerns, they are trials of skill and ability pure and simple. The pleasure these contests have afforded has been boundless. Charities have benefited, people have been helped in business, and numbers have received a genuine and sorely needed "lift" that in some cases has meant little short of earthly salvation. All this is to cease, at the will of certain persons who have plenty of money themselves, and never know the want of a sovereign, but are afflicted with an irresistible itching to interfere in other people's business. The gambling argument is sheer bunkum. I am myself an opponent of Turf gambling (though I would never use any methods to stop it but those of instruction and persuasion), but I deny absolutely that newspaper competitions either are, or are likely to encourage, gambling. The Turf gambler undoubtedly tries to get something for nothing; the competitor has to work hard, long hours at a stretch, and sometimes for twelve months, before he gets a prize. Lord Loreburn might just as well "bring in a Bill" to prohibit publishers from offering a £100 prize for the best novel by an amateur writer as try to prohibit newspaper competitions. Lord Beaconsfield once called the English nation that "great booby," but, at any rate, Englishmen are not babies, and I earnestly hope they will not consent to be treated as such by Lord Loreburn. I make bold to say that the Bill, if passed, will stir up in tens of thousands of human minds and souls an amount of venomous hatred, anger, irritation and vindictiveness that will far outweigh in evil any moral good the measure could possibly achieve. Then, again, are the lives of the mass of people in this country so bright and gay that they are to be deprived by the Law of the thrill of a little pleasurable excitement? Are our social arrangements so just, is the distribution of the good things of life so equitable, that thousands to whom it is never likely to come in any other form are to be debarred by opulent Puritanism the one chance of a little financial good fortune and possible windfall that these competitions offer? Then, too, the Bill is in the highest degree mischievous, inasmuch as it is a wholly unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject. When is this mania for interference to cease? If a man is not to be allowed to spend a sixpence as he chooses, we may expect next to have our daily inspirations and expirations of air regulated by legal enactment.

A certain good old Book, not yet and never likely to be wholly out of fashion, says, "Be not righteous overmuch." I can hardly help thinking the writer must have had Lord Loreburn in his prophetic eye. Just as there is a rigid, merciless and undiscerning "truthfulness" that has sent many a poor wretch to the devil, so there is a sometimes well-meaning but deadly "righteousness" that devastates like the caterpillar and the canker worm in God's vineyard of human souls. Metaphorically, and with all respect, I lay my hand on Lord Loreburn's arm and say to him: My Lord, you are a good fellow—drop the Bill.

AN ARGENTINE HELL.

EXPERIENCE OF A BRITISH SEAMAN.

With reference to the paragraph which appeared in our issue of June 21st, giving particulars of the imprisonment without proper trial of several members of the crew of a British vessel, it is a pleasure to note that the Foreign Office have taken action. At the time we said," It is a pity that the owners could not have brought the men home and have proceeded against them in the British Courts. Will the Foreign Office move?" So far, so good. But what about arresting British seamen and keeping them locked up until such time as the vessel sails again? Here is the experience of a British seaman:—On the voyage out the Captain had suspicions that a portion of the ship's cargo had been tampered with, and when the vessel arrived in port the police were communicated with, and certain members of the crew—of whom our correspondent was one—were arrested handcuffed, and marched through the streets to the lock-up Having on arrest been told merely that they were "goin on shore for the night," they took only a blanket eacl, and—nothing being provided by the authorities—consequently had neither bed, pillow nor adequate covering when they were thrust into a bare cell, 12 ft. by 10 ft., with a concrete floor—and this in the middle of winter. The time was 12 noon, and they were given neither food nor covering. At 6 o'clock on the following morning they were told to come out into the open. Here they were handcuffed again and marched to another prison about two miles away, where they were placed in another cell similar to the one already described. In addition to the British prisoners, numbering five, the cell was already occupied by ten foreigners of the lowest type. At the time of the British entry the occupants of the cell—we mean the *two-legged* occupants—were all stripped to the waist, busily engaged picking vermin from their upper garments and killing them in a more or less scientific way. If the prisoners wished to sit down, they had to do so on the concrete floor. Two small barred windows, about 12 inches square, were the only ventilation, and to make things worse a zinc tub stood in the corner of the cell and acted as a latrine. Our correspondent was imprisoned in this place for three days, having passed the first 26 hours without food, breaking his fast with 6 oz. of bread and some boiled rice. He was then released and placed on board his ship, subsequently to be tried in this country. The British Consul at Buenos Aires will perhaps see that the subjects in whose interests he receives pay get better treatment when in difficulty.

"THE ORGY OF UNDRESSING."

"Thank Gord, they're beginnin' to fink abaht poor us at larst!"

Can you do the "Hat Trick"? Something quite new. See page 286.

IS BALZAC A CLASSIC?

WHAT CLEMENT SHORTER SAYS.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the recent announcement of an edition of that great French author, Balzac, in its complete and unexpurgated form caused a considerable stir in certain quarters.

Fortunately, however, the publication is now an accomplished fact. For though the prurient-minded may see wrong where none is meant—and Balzac certainly did write of nature as he found it—it would have been a thousand pities if the public had been deprived of this its first chance of reading Balzac as he meant to be read.

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For Balzac was to literature what Napoleon was to arms—a man of giant brain who saw all life, all character, and all events as material to be turned into stories, and who did not believe that there were any events that could not be told with advantage. And so his novels make their appeal to all.

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And all those who realise this will hasten to take advantage of the offer of his Best Novels in 14 volumes, specially selected by that famous Balzacian, Mr. Clement Shorter, Editor of the *Sphere*.

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Cousine Bette.	The Lily of the Valley
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Gobseck.	The Magic Skin.
Old Goriot.	The Unknown Masterpiece.
Eugenie Grandet.	

What Clement Shorter says—

"Something has been said of the fact that the publishers advertise that their Balzac is 'unexpurgated.' This is of the utmost importance. The charge that a translator 'betrays' is justified where there is a prurient attempt to modify and alter phrases in the interests of Mrs. Grundy. Nothing can justify that. When face to face with a great classic, we want the book as near as possible as the author presented it."

What "Truth" says:—

"I can testify not only to the excellence of translation, but also to the charm of the type, binding, paper, and especially of the exquisite illustrations by famous French artists. I should mention also that they are absolutely unexpurgated, and are translated with fidelity, avoiding the coarseness which is so marked in the works of less skilful translators, although quite foreign to the spirit of Balzac himself. Considered in every light, I am unable to conceive a more satisfactory edition of the great novelist's work."

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The work pays full attention to motor-cycles and cycle-cars, full details and instruction being given for all those points wherein they must be treated differently from the more powerful motor-car. In these and all other respects the Book of the Motor-Car is absolutely up-to-date, and in a line with the very latest discoveries in motor engineering. It is profusely illustrated with full-page plates, drawings in plan section and elevation, diagrams and photographs, as well as a series of sectional movable models in colour showing in detail the actual working parts of a car.

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"I think it invaluable to the student and also to anyone who is desirous of familiarising himself with modern constructional practice. As a book of reference it will be of great value to me, and I think everyone who is keenly interested in their car should have a copy."

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THE PERIL OF POLYGAMY.

A REPLY TO "A GIRTON GIRL'S" WAIL.

By an Oxford Man.

There recently appeared in these columns an article entitled "The Failure of Monogamy"—by "A Girton Girl." It was an alarming article. By a few strokes of the pen, by a few painfully weak sophistries, "A Girton Girl" demolished the whole case for monogamy. Some institutions are artificial; some are natural. The Party system, for instance, is artificial; it could be abolished. Monogamy, however, is a natural institution; its roots are deep; it grows out from the very nature of the race. It could not be abolished. A monogamous life is part of the nature of Western peoples, and we cannot change our nature.

And how does "A Girton Girl" propose to effect this impossible change? By woman suffrage! Woman suffrage, then, is a carefully veiled conspiracy, the real aim of which—now divulged for the first time—is "to remove and destroy the artificial and arbitary standard of monogamy." But no leader of the woman's suffrage movement in this or any other country has ever in his or her wildest flights put forward such a demand as this. And I guarantee, except perhaps for the Girton Girl (and she, we hope, doesn't really mean it), it would be impossible to find a single suffragette in favour of the change to a polygamous state of society. And, again, in those countries where women *have* the vote, do we find that the pernicious system of monogamy has been abolished root and branch? Have our sisters in Australia, of their own free-will, by their own vote, plumped for polygamy? "One man, one wife," "one woman, one vote," are the watchwords of creeds that do not clash. "A Girton Girl's" proposal is ludicrous.

After all, what is her main argument? She is disturbed at the plight of the "unattached woman" to whom nature, as she says, has been as generous as to others. Those women with whom she identifies herself, so making her case a mere *ex parte* statement—those women have been created with all the desires and possibilities which other women have, but those desires are not to be gratified—those possibilities are not to be developed. Since there are a certain number of unmarried women, she concludes that monogamy is unnatural and has failed. But it does not follow.

We admit the existence of the "unattached woman." But she is a phenomenon arising from the existence of the "unattached man." After reading "A Girton Girl's" attack on monogamy one would come to the conclusion that every man was married. But the point is that every man is not married. Have not we men writing mournful letters to the press complaining that the extravagant habits of the modern girl make marriage on £500 a year an impossibility? It is the problem of the "unattached man" that the Girton Girl should tackle. If every man would or could take unto himself a wife, we should hear a great deal less nonsense about the failure of monogamy, a great deal less about the ungratified desires and the undeveloped possibilities of a certain section of womanhood. "A Girton Girl" should embark on a crusade against the extravagant habits of her sisters.

And has it struck her that if it is impossible to keep one wife on £500 a year, how much more impossible it would be to keep half-a-dozen? That is an aspect of the question she has overlooked.

Monogamy has not yet been proved a failure. Nay, it has proved an immense success. What is it that has made modern Western civilisation the finest civilisation that the world has yet seen? Surely it is above all the *family system*. It is the *family system* that has inculcated in Western peoples all those civic virtues without which there can be no civilised society and no social progress. It is the lack of this same family system that has been the ruin of Eastern peoples.

Does "A Girton Girl," think that she is going to better the status of women by introducing the harem system? Under the harem system the position of our women would all to the level of the position of women in Turkey.

In spite of "A Girton Girl," I do not think we need ear the immediate scrapping of the monogamous system.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CCLX.

[In this column every week we publish particulars of some human derelict whose case, after full investigation, we are able to recommend to the charity of our readers. We are happy to say that in this way we have already been the means of bringing comfort into many a wretched home. All amounts subscribed are duly acknowledged, and no deduction of any kind is made by us.]

PLEA FOR A CONSUMPTIVE.

The object of this appeal is to procure assistance for a young man, a tailor, twenty-seven years of age. He is married and has two children. Last January, when he had been feeling unwell for some months, he visited his panel doctor, who at once ordered him to bed and sent a consumptive specialist to see him. He was thereupon certified for sanatorium treatment. After three weary months of waiting he was sent to one of the establishments provided under the new Act, where, we are glad to say, he has made good progress—indeed, it is expected that he will be able to return to his home in Wales towards the end of the month. During his illness he has been in receipt of only 10s. a week from his Approved Society, which amount has, by painful pinching, kept the little family going. When in health he had at no time enough work to allow him to save anything, nor has he relations able to help him. Several of his friends have assisted him in a small way, but as they cannot do more they now appeal to us on his behalf. We have every reason to believe that on the patient's return home, employment will be found for him in motor works, as the doctor tells him that on no account must he return to the tailoring trade. It would be a great pity if this man who has made such speedy recovery in the sanatorium should be allowed to drift back for want of a helping hand, and that his wife and young children should be cast destitute upon the world. Who will help them?

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:

CCLVII.—J. S. D., 6d.; F. D., 1s.; "Sympathisers," 4s.; "Anonymous," parcel.

CCLVIII.—"Alas," 2s. 6d.; "Sympathiser," 1s.; A. J. J., 1s.; T., 1s.; H. J. B., 10s.; T. M., 5s.; "Mrs. Jim," 5s.; I. M. A. F., 2s. 6d.; H. D., 5s.

CCLIX.—"Ivy Mary," 5s.; E. M., 2s. 6d.; E. M. H., 1s.; W. M., £1; "Alas," 2s. 6d.; "Soldier," 1s.; M. T., 3d.; E. W. F., 2s.; A. P., 2s. 6d.; M. E. S., 6d.; "Solo," 5s.; "Fag," 3s.; "Clyde," 4s.; B. S. C. H. (H.M.S. *Blenheim*), 10s.; "Jessie" and "Anonymous," parcels.

We have this week apportioned £10 from the John Bull Derby Sweepstake Charity Fund as follows:—CCXVII., 30s.; CCXXVII., £1; CCLIX., £5; £2 to the family of the poor man whose case we referred to in last week's issue under the heading of "Wanted: Another Chance," and 10s. to the "Wanderers' Workhouse Outing Fund."

COLLECTING BOXES.

London.—Messrs. Collinson and Osgood, "Mason's Arms," Harrow Rd., 1s.; Mr. J. E. Neal, "Blue Posts," Charlotte St., 1s. 5d.; Mr. R. S. Tolputt, "Crown," Crown Ct., Fleet St., 1s.; Mr. G. Sanders, 54, Curtain Rd., 1s.; Mr. C. McCarthy, Messrs. Garcia Jacobs & Co., Langley St., Covent Gdn., 2s. 1d.; Mr. A. J. Blowes, "The Colville," King's Rd., Chelsea, 1s. 6½d.; Mr. W. R. Perry, "Blue Posts," Tottenham Court Rd., 2s. 6d.; Mr. C. W. Oaten, Messrs. Curzon Bros., 112, New Oxford St., 1s.; Mr. G. Henwood, 61, Goodge St., Tottenham Court Rd., 2s. 7d.; Mr. C. Besser, "Black Horse," 19, Tottenham Court Rd., 1s. 1d.

Brighton.—Mr. J. H. Olliver, "Bridge Inn," New England, 1s. 8½d.; Messrs. Mantell and James, 1 and 2, Arundel Rd., 3s. 10d.; Mr. W. H. Speer, "Queen's Theatre," Western Rd., 5s. 0½d.

Hastings.—Mr. H. G. Parks, 107, Bohemia Rd., St. Leonards, 1s. 1d.; Mr. G. E. Brown, "Royal Oak," 5s. 1½d.

Middlesbrough.—Miss A. E. Newsham, 43, Tennyson St., 2s.

Aberdeen.—Mr. T. C. Warren, University Bar, 7s.

Total: £2 7s. 2¾d., of which we have allocated £1 to CCLVIII., and £1 7s. 2¾d. to CCLIX.

The Cottage Hospital, Clacton-on-Sea, is urgently in need of funds. A matinée in aid will take place on Wednesday, August 27th, at the Operetta House, and the help of lady and gentlemen artists would be greatly appreciated. The concert is under the patronage of several well-known M.P.s, and it is hoped that one of the members of the Royal Family will be present. Those desirous of assisting should communicate at once with Mr. A. E. Abrahams, Claremont, Marine Parade, Clacton-on-Sea.

"Better than my 10s. 6d. pen"—writes a reader in praise of the "John Bull."

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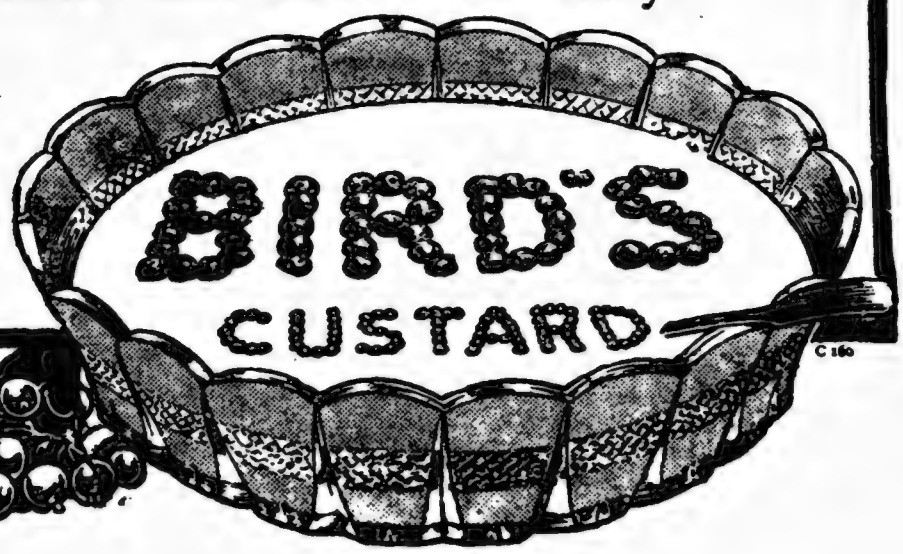

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"I ain't as well as I used ter be. Fact is, mister, I don't think this yer farmin' agrees wi' me."

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

HOLIDAYS.

Mother: Shore this is right, George?

Father: Yes, I tell yer!

Mother: Well, yer needn't get 'uffy about it. Larst yer, we found ourselves at Bex'ill instead of 'Astings.

Father: I've awsked the porter. Ain't thet enuff?

Mother: I don't know, I'm shore. Porters is liable to make mistakes like ennybody else. Enny'ow, if you're satisfied, that's everythink. Is this right fur 'Astings?

K-nut: Er—wa-at?

Mother: Is this right fur——

Father: I've awsked, I tell yer. W'y doncher settle yerself darn, an' leave orf *h*agitatin' yerself?

Mother: Well, I 'aven't fergot larst yer, nor ain't likely to. But there, I carn't look arfter the childern an' everything Lizzie, be'ave yerself. Doncher know you're in a first-class carriage? Take yer feet orf the cushings an' pull yer frock down. An' mindjer new 'at. You'd better take it orf an' put it in the rack. Willy, leave orf lickin' ther winder. Jew 'ear me? People'll think you're makin' faces at them as they goes parst. No, you carnt 'ave anythink till we start. You leave them bernarners erlone, jew 'ear? W'y donchew speak to 'im, George?

Father: Oh, let the kid erlone. 'E ain't doin' no 'arm. Let 'im 'ave a bernarner if 'e wants one. It'll keep 'im quiet.

Father (*puff-puff*): Comferble carridges, these 'ere.

Mother (*indifferently*): Not ser bad. Willy, jew 'ear me? If I catch you lickin' ther winder again I'll lick you.

Father: W'y doncher let 'im erlone? *Let* 'im lick ther winder, if 'e wants to. It keeps 'im quiet.

Mother: Wot's ther good er me tryin' ter teach 'im 'ow to be'ave 'imself if you incorages 'im?

Father: *'E's* orl right. W'y doncher settle yerself darn, an' leave orf hagitatin' yerself? You won't be fit fer nuthink w'en we gits there if yer don't.

Lizzie: Muvver.

Mother: I ain't agitatin' meself. Wot'erd become of the children if it wasn't fur me, I should like to know? It's orl very well fur you to set suckin' yer pipe——

Lizzie: Muvver!

Mother: If I 'ad my time over again I'd see——

Lizzie: Muvver!!

Mother: W'y donchew keep quiet, you bad gerl? Carn't chew 'ear I'm torkin' to yer farther? Leave orf bitin' yer 'ankercher. You'll 'ave it orl in 'oles afore you're finished. Jew 'ear?

Father: Don' be ser snappy with ther kid. She 'ain't doin' no 'arm. She wants ter awsk yer something. Wot is it, Liz?

Lizzie: W'y don't ther train start?

Father: 'Cos ther signal ain't darn, I reckon.

Lizzie: Down w'ere, farther?

Father: It ain't darn. It's up in the air, see?

Lizzie: And can't the train start till it's down?

Father: 'Corse not. Thet's wot it's for, see?

Lizzie: Wot do they put it down?

Father: They don't put it darn nuthink. They jest put it darn, see?

Lizzie: Then w'y don't they?

Father: 'Cos the trine ain't ready ter stawt, o' corse.

Lizzie: W'y ain't it?

Father: 'Cos it ain't time.

Lizzie: W'y ain't it time?

Father: 'Cos it—— 'Ere, donchew awsk ser many queschuns.

Mother: There ain't no need ter speak to 'er like that, George. She's on'y——

Inspector: All tickets, please! 'Ere, these are third-class. 'Op 'out, orl of yer. 'Urry up. . . . Oh, yes there is. . . . Plenty of room in front. . . .

Mother: Wot did I tell yer? . . . I carn't look arfter the childern an' *h*everythink else as well——

(Exit *hurriedly*.)

Mammoth Prizes—£1,500, £300, £150, and £100 for Football skill. See page 279.

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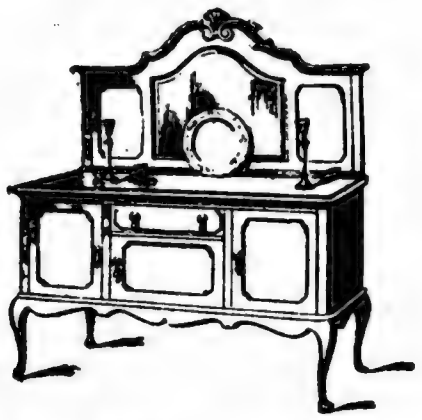

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OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Right Rev. A. Winnington-Ingram, D.D., Lord Bishop of London.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—I observe that you have instructed the clergy of your diocese to refuse to marry *divorcées*, unbaptised persons, and those within the provisions of the Deceased Wife's Sister's Act. I will not stay to argue the propriety of such an edict in the case of a Church by law established and subsidised by a form of public taxation, but I would respectfully urge the unwisdom of a course which must inevitably alienate public sympathy from your great religious organisation. Such a decree as you have pronounced might have been more fitly promulgated three centuries ago. For weal or for woe, we have grown out of ecclesiastical leading strings, and only by keeping abreast of modern sentiment and thought will priests and pastors retain their influence over the minds and lives of men. If you say that conscience and principle are your guides, so be it; but I pray you make sure that you mistake not prejudice for principle, and outworn superstitition for living truth. JOHN BULL.

To G. E. Thompson, Esq., J.P., Stobars Hall, Kirkby Stephen.

SIR,—At a recent session of the Kirkby Stephen Police Court, Edward Crowther was charged before you and your fellow Justices with driving a pony furiously and to the public danger. The principal witness for the prosecution was your brother, who alleged that a serious accident had been narrowly averted. The Bench found the charge proven and fined the defendant five pounds. I do not quarrel with the decision, but do you think you should have adjudicated in a case so closely affecting a member of your own family? Would not it have been wiser and more tactful and in better taste if you had retired from the Bench, leaving the matter to your colleagues? I have no doubt that you are the soul of honour, but—well—blood is thicker than water, isn't it? And people *will* talk!

JOHN BULL.

To Major Maunsell, Chairman Parish Council, Great Warley.

DEAR MAJOR,—I observe that your Council has risen in its might, fired by a stern resolve to assert its municipal rights. I gather that there is a place called Headley within your domain, and that in that place there is a Common, and on that Common there is a pond which you have marked out for your own. You propose to claim it and clean it and dredge it, and then to make it look pretty with notice-boards all round. Men have hitherto fished in the pond, but henceforth they will angle at their peril, except by your august permission. Gardeners have used its water to irrigate their thirsty land, but in future they must humbly crave as a boon what they have hitherto enjoyed as a right. I know not what other amenities you propose to abolish, but it is clear that the net result of your vigorous activity will be the unproductive expenditure of a sum of public money and the irritation and annoyance of everyone concerned. Your notion of your duties is passing strange. JOHN BULL.

To the Guardians of the Poor, Shoreditch Union.

SIRS,—An aged woman recently died in your Infirmary. Her husband was an inmate of your workhouse. The old man now bitterly complains that he was not permitted to visit his wife in her extremity, and that only when it was too late for a parting hand-clasp was he apprised of her lonely passing. I am told that, except in desperate cases, your Spartan rules permit workhouse inmates to visit infirmary patients only once a month, and that your Medical Superintendent did not fully realise the seriousness of the woman's condition. Such an "explanation" will do little to relieve the old man's poignant sorrow. Don't you think you might relax the stringency of a rule which keeps a man from his sick wife's side for a whole month at a time? Sympathy, like mercy, is twice blessed.

JOHN BULL.

To Frederick Mead, Esq., Marlborough Street Police Court.

MAGISTERIAL SIR,—I hold no brief for moneylenders, but maintain that they are entitled to reasonable consideration, and that, except in cases of excessive usury, they should not be pursued in a vindictive spirit by the Law. A short time ago you had before you a moneylender named Simon James Shimberg, of 215, Piccadilly, charged with unlawfully causing to be sent to Lieutenant D. A. L. Ainslie, whom he knew to be an infant, a letter inviting him to borrow money. In my opinion Shimberg's defence was a good one. He stated that, seeing the Lieutenant's name in the Army List, he naturally concluded that he was over age, as all lieutenants in the Regular Army have of necessity to be. But, as it happened, Lieutenant Ainslie was only 19, and in the Special Reserve, in which body the Regular Army's restrictions as regards age are not enforced. I will not comment upon the lieutenant's action in forwarding the offending letter to his father, a solicitor, instead of tearing it up and thinking no more about it, as most healthy-minded young Englishmen would have done. You are reported to have said that you had no doubt in the case, and regretted that the full penalty was not much larger. You trusted that in the Bill now being prepared "that might be remedied," and that it might be made plain that everybody who sent out circulars should do so at his peril. You fined the defendant the full penalty of £20, and ordered him to pay £10 10s. costs. I consider your observations to have been needlessly harsh, and the penalty you inflicted unnecessarily severe. In my opinion, the moneylender has as much right to tout for custom by means of circulars as any other business man, and his trade, when properly conducted, is as respectable as any other. As to Lord Newton's Bill, it should be attached to Lord Loreburn's ridiculous measure for the suppression of newspaper competitions, and cast, well-weighted, into the depths of the sea. JOHN BULL.

To the Justices of the Peace, Barnsley, Yorks.

SIRS,—An inhuman wretch, Thomas Hooper by name, was recently charged at your Court with savage cruelty to a pit pony. The animal failed to pull a load to the prisoner's satisfaction, and he then kicked it in the jaw seven or eight times with such force that the poor brute could not eat its food for several days. For this devilish work you thought a fine of a sovereign was an appropriate penalty. Such misplaced leniency is the more deplorable from the fact that the prisoner is in authority over the pony-drivers in the Grimethorpe Colliery, where others may be tempted to shape their conduct by his example. The lot of the pit ponies is a pitiable one at the best, and common humanity demands that the wretched animals shall enjoy the full protection of the law.

JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice Bucknill, Epsom, Surrey.

MY LORD,—Your short way with the bully who assaulted a weaker man before your eyes commands my whole-hearted approbation. You dragged the brawler into your garden and there detained him till the police could be summoned. You are far too good a sportsman to have interfered in a fair fight, and by the same token you were stung to anger by the dirty business of which you were a chance witness. It is good to see that you can as well execute justice in *mufti* as in ermine. I wonder how many of your judicial brethren would have cared to tackle the job? JOHN BULL.

Prime Minister, Golf Links, ————?

Hearty wishes for a good holiday. You have had a rough time of it, what with one thing and another. No more Marconis for at least six months—and, better still, no more Pankhurst. Confine your reading to my journal for the next two months, and try to forget all the humbug and rancour of the Party game. Then you may enjoy yourself. BULL.

Mrs. Pankhurst, France.

Good-bye, and good riddance. Wire Sylvia to join you at the earliest possible moment—and start a French campaign. But beware of the *Code Napoleon!* BULL.

Three consecutive shots on the Target and—the money rings. See page 286.

DOMESTIC "DISTRACTIONS."

(The Government has decided that Great Britain shall not participate in the Panama Exhibition to be held at San Francisco in 1915.)

UNCLE SAM: "Say, John, what's this? Ain't you goin' ter have a cut in an' help ter promote peace and goodwill and all that sort o' thing?"
JOHN BULL: "Well—no, Sam. I'm afraid, by the look of things, that in 1915 I shall be pretty busy promoting peace and goodwill at home."

PARLIAMENTARY FAILURES.

MR. C. SILVESTER HORNE.

A generation ago it was the custom in England to train sons of the well-to-do for the three learned professions—medicine, law or divinity. If a youth was thought to be too low in the intellectual scale for one of these, he entered the Army. The old order has changed. Nowadays the son upon whom Providence has bestowed a restricted mental development is trained for the Church or, if he is unable mentally to meet the demands even of that calling, he enters politics. Thus, of late years, into the arena of politics has been dumped a host of men, some of whom are inherent failures, while others have tried other walks of life and have also miserably failed. The latter class deserves special notice, for its members are easily distinguishable. They are for the most part cranks or, if you will, "men with a mission."

Take the case of the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.P. for Ipswich. Here we have a gentleman who found the pastorate of a Little Bethel altogether too unexciting: his sky-kissing aspirations demanded more scope. Even the chairmanship of an influential Nonconformist Union did not satisfy his ambitions. He was a failure as a minister of religion just because he was unable to devote himself wholeheartedly to the work. The task of redeeming lost souls did not bring him into the limelight, and he especially was athirst for fame, that last infirmity of noble minds. So he entered Parliament and soon forgot Whitefield's Tabernacle. And the Recording Angel shed a tear as he set down in the Book of Life another broken pledge. Of course, Mr. Horne still occasionally preaches, but does he do so from a desire to bind up the wound or assuage the aching heart? Have not we the assurance of the Preacher that all is vanity? And is the dictum anywhere better exemplified than in the ministerial profession?

Mr. Horne doubtless entered Parliament with fixed schemes for its moral regeneration. He had the reputation of being a staunch advocate of Puritanism, and his mission was to turn a House of Commons debate into a Salvation Army prayer meeting. But, so far, we have not seen the change. Here we have one more pathetic example of the total eclipse of a luminary which in its own little domain was a star of the first magnitude. But a parochial reputation is a dangerous thing. The Pecksniffian oratory that is all-powerful in a P.S.A. avails little in the House of Commons. In the passing of those measures the aim of which was the "moral uplifting of our race and the making of more temperate and pure citizens," Mr. Horne took little or no part. The truth is that he found himself amongst men far better able by experience and ability to deal with such matters.

But Mr. Horne had also a reputation as an impenitent Radical, and a born agitator. From such a combination of qualities much was to be expected. There is no more aggressive party in the House of Commons than the vain, noisy and self-confident "advanced" Radicals, and they have often harassed Mr. Asquith and the Government by their obstinacy. Here was some scope for Mr. Horne. But he has not accepted the opportunity, and we are forced to the conclusion that he entered Parliament with an overrated reputation. But in estimating his general worth we must not overlook the fact that he is a Glasgow M.A., and that he has written a novel. The latter, it is true, is not as widely known as, say, "Westward Ho!" or "Oliver Twist," yet on the authority of Mr. Horne and his Publishers, it *is* a novel.

If Mr. Horne is wise, then, he will at the earliest opportunity resign his seat and return to the bosom of his beloved Church, when, no doubt, the fatted calf will be killed to honour the return of another Prodigal Son.

"A 'OLY TERRIER."

A true story: A member of the East Lancashire Royal Engineers upon resigning and handing in his uniform was charged five shillings damages—presumably for a few moth holes. "If the War Office is so dam'd hard up for money" said the "Oly Terrier," "you should set Seely working out some John Bull 'Bullets.'" Saucy!

HOW I COMMENCED.

LIFE STORIES OF EMINENT MEN AND WOMEN.

By "Retlaw."

THE RIGHT HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.

This is the sort of chance I like. A man in my position, with my ambition and ideals, cannot keep himself too prominently before the public. Needless to say, therefore, I grasp this opportunity to recount the romantic history of my phenomenal rise in the political world with huge satisfaction. Hitherto my life has been written only by others, and I must confess that the biographies that are at present for sale in the book-shops fall very far short of what I could desire them to be. Although written by strong partisans in most cases, they err on the side of moderation. Now, I hate moderation. It is no good to the demagogue. It is only by exaggeration and the going to extremes in all he says and does that the mob orator and democratic politician can obtain a hearing, let alone a following. I have acted on that principle all my life. And you see the result.

I was born in Manchester in 1863. You would hardly think it, would you? There are not many men who have attained to such a position of political importance by the age of fifty as I have, and I don't think it's likely that many more will. My father was the Master of Hope Street Unitarian Schools, Liverpool, and a great many people are under the impression that I derived the bulk of my acute intelligence, not to say genius, from him. For my own part I don't believe it. I have the highest respect for my father's memory, but I really can't imagine how he came to have such a brilliant son. As a matter of fact, I think I took more from my mother than from him. She was the daughter of Richard Owen, of Mynyddednyfed, Criccieth, and a woman of great character.

I was educated at Llanystymdwy Church School. I give this information, not on account of its intrinsic interest, but to enable me to make use of another long Welsh word, and thereby show what a wide gulf of language separates we Welsh from the base Saxon, as my Nationalist friends call you English people, for whom I have done so much, whether you like it or not. It also throws a sidelight on my bitter advocacy of Welsh Disestablishment, showing that it is quite easy to forget the benefits one may have received from an institution in the days of one's youth, and turn and rend it in maturity.

I became a solicitor, or, as some of my enemies delight to call me, a petty Welsh Attorney. Very well. I bear no malice. But all the same the "petty Welsh Attorney" has proved himself one too many for them, eh? "Petty Welsh Attorney," indeed!

Well, in the early days of my practice I got mixed up with some religious disputes relating to the respective rights of the local Church and Chapel. This was properly my first start. It is a subject that always engenders intense heat. And that is where I score. Give me a topic that arouses bitterness and hate and I will undertake to make a sympathetic audience frantic, and an unsympathetic one mad with rage. I have found it a priceless talent.

The incident I have mentioned opened for me a way to Parliament. I entered the House of Commons as Member for Carnarvon in 1890, and soon let the House see that I had arrived. Of course, a man of my *calibre* could not remain a private member long. I went to the Board of Trade, and signalised my reign in that department by raising the Plimsoll mark, so that vessels flying the British flag might carry more cargo.

In 1908 I became Chancellor of the Exchequer. The rest is recent history. I was fairly well known before, but I had no sooner introduced my People's Budget than I became the best hated man in the kingdom.

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SPECIAL NOTE.—Football Competition Table and Forecasts, and current season's form by the original "Figaro," will be published with the opening of the season.

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THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

By "Simple Simon."

Willy was a good boy of respectable though pious parents. He regularly attended Sunday school, and never played truant or cheated at marbles. He always obtained the full weekly complement of good-conduct marks, and the front parlour at home was almost filled with his prize books.

When Willy left school he worked at a grocery store. Here his diligence was so great that he saved his master several shillings per week by doing the work of two. One day he saw a gentleman drop his purse. He picked it up—it was full of gold—and restored it to the owner, who liberally rewarded him with a bright shining penny.

This penny formed the foundation of a neat little sum to Willy's credit in the local savings bank (which ultimately came to a smash), and these thrifty habits once formed stood him in good stead, for, besides keeping himself, he had to support a widowed mother and three big brothers who were martyrs to a chronic dislike for work.

Nor did his efforts go unrewarded, for we now see him in the honourable position of chief porter at the very establishment where he started, twenty years ago, as errand boy.

Bill was a wicked boy, of poor and misguided parents, was idle and mischievous, and generally did things—and people—that he ought not to have done. The only conduct marks he ever had to show were those left on a portion of his anatomy awkwardly placed for such exhibition.

After having been expelled from school for eating onions just before breathing-exercise, he refused to work, but went instead to football matches, which he declared was far more healthy and less tiring. When he grew older he followed the races and said naughty bright-coloured words when he lost. He wore a big steel chain, was fat and coarse and red-faced; his mind was set on wickedness.

One day, however, at a crowded race meeting some benevolent person thrust a tract into his hand. It was entitled "The Evils of Betting," and Bill, who had had an extra bad day, read it then and there. From that day Bill became an altered man. Said he, "I will give up backing horses."

And he kept his word. By the aid of a few friends he got a few pounds together and started a book of his own. His success at first was but intermittent, circumstances often rendering it necessary for him to appear—or rather disappear, as a native of Wales; but in the end the Fortune that looks after the audacious triumphed, and he took a large pub. in the country, and grew fatter than ever.

NATIONAL UNION OF SHIPS' STEWARDS.

MR JOSEPH COTTER'S JUSTIFICATION.

With reference to a paragraph which appeared in our "Letter Bag" columns of August 9th in answer to J.S.A. (London), a correspondent who had referred to the National Union of Stewards, etc., as being as "dead as ditch-water," and who further referred to Mr. J. Cotter as "the self-styled president" and expressed his determination that he would "never again pay them 6d. a week to sail on a ship," we understand that Mr. Cotter has taken offence at these references to the Union and himself, and considers they constitute a reflection upon him.

We have now had an opportunity of perusing the balance sheets of the Union and other literature connected with it, and we find that it has a financial membership of many thousands and a bank balance of over £5,000.

We are further assured by the Union's solicitors, Messrs. Quilliam and Son, of Liverpool, that Mr Cotter holds several positions on various bodies, such as being a member of the Executive Committee of the National Transport Workers' Federation a member of the Executive, Committee of the National Seamen's Insurance Society, Vice-President of the Liverpool Trades Council, and the present nominee as a candidate from the Liverpool Trades Council to the Liverpool City Council Further, we are given to understand that the Union recovered something like £30,000 as compensation for the widows of the stewards who went down on the *Titanic*.

In all these circumstances, we consider that our correspondent's allegations were not justified, and it is only fair o Mr Cotter that they should be withdrawn; and we are orry if he has been caused any annoyance in the matter.

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On White Mice and Hotel Labels

BY HOMER.

Why has no student of social development ever written a treatise on the "Philosophy of Collecting"? When you come to think of it, the desire to possess a large number of things similar in kind has played an invaluable part in the history of civilisation. Ever since the time when our rude forefathers asked their neighbours in for a quiet drop of mead and a look at the latest specimens of carved reindeers' bones or scalps or polished flints, the collector has been a civilising influence. He has been the patron of arts and sciences in the past; he stands for individuality and

THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY

amid the levelling socialistic tendencies of our own day. Yet at the same time he is a barrier against class hatred; for a common interest unites the millionaire who collects Old Masters and the miner who collects coloured clays—the statesman who collects orchids and the schoolboy who collects what he is pleased to describe as "bugs." For my part, I have always found the collecting spirit an interesting and inspiring object of study. Its manifestations are innumerable. There is the lad next door whose taste runs to white mice with pink eyes. He tells me they understand every word he says to them; also that they are useful for the coercion of

REFRACTORY ELDER SISTERS.

Then there is the venerable lady next door but one, who would sell her soul for a set of scale-blue Worcester, and the gentleman across the road whose ambition in life is to possess a certain three-cornered Cape of Good Hope stamp. Long ago at a certain University I knew a "blood"—nowadays, I suppose, he would be a "nut"—who papared his walls with signed photographs of celebrated actresses. There were some who harboured suspicions as to the authenticity of these autographs; and certain it is that my acquaintance developed, in after life, a remarkable talent for reproducing the handwriting of others in facsimile. So successful did he become in this fine art that he is now enjoying the fruits of his skill somewhere in South America

UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME.

Another interesting collectorI once met on the P.L.M. express from Paris to Nice. He was an American, from Richmond, Pa. (or Va., I'm not quite sure which), and his pride was, he told me, in his "grip." I got him to translate this into English, and found that a "grip" is short for a "gripsack," which barbarous term is applied to a kind of handbag. This particular grip was all colours of the rainbow, every available inch of it being covered with hotel labels. It advertised the hotels of four continents in fifty languages; it looked like a variegated lesson in geography; it made me feel humble. "You must have been a great traveller," I said; and my companion modestly assented. But a few days afterwards I met another American—one of those unpleasant facty people who seem to delight in

TAKING THE GILT OFF THE GINGERBREAD.

He told me that there is an enterprising firm in Richmond, Pa. (or *is* it Va. ?) which specialises in hotel labels—turns them out by the gross and sells them for many dollars to persons desirous of establishing a reputation for world-wide travel. In his own elegant phraseology, that grip "warnt wuth a hoot in Hades," as evidence of where my fellow-traveller had been. I left it at that—but doesn't it show that the psychology of collecting is worth the attention of all students of human nature? And it becomes doubly interesting when you are yourself a collector, as I am. I have had many hobbies, but my present—and future—is one of the most fascinating of all. It is indoor landscape gardening. Now there are many kinds of gardening. Some people grow cauliflowers under big glass jars and call it French gardening. Millionaires plant dwarf temples by dwarf streams and overshadow them with fabulously expensive dwarf trees and call it Japanese gardening. Austrian legislators throw ink-pots and rulers at their political opponents and I call it

BEAR-GARDENING.

But mine is the better way. My landscape garden is within the four walls of my house; and just as other men lay down lawns and plant roses, and make backgrounds of flowering shrubs, I lay down carpets and rugs I plant chairs and tables, I make harmonious backgrounds with wallpaper and distemper, paint and pictures and, screens. I am an expert paper-hanger, an artist with an enamel brush, and what I don't know about French-polishing isn't worth knowing. Furnishing is my floriculture, and I am never tired of grouping and re-grouping my household gods, so as to bring out some new charm of line and colour. And now and then, when funds permit, I plant a new treasure in the home landscape—it may be a dainty occasional table, or a Persian rug, or a Sheraton bureau. And I'll let you into a secret.

MY HAPPY HUNTING-GROUND

is in the Furniture Salons of the Midland Furnishing Co., at 15-23, Southampton Row, W.C. Over £100,000 worth of superb furniture is on view there, and when I am possessed with the collecting spirit I just walk in and choose what I want at my leisure. The prices are all plainly marked and nobody is importuned to buy. I spend half-an-hour appraising one beautiful design after another, noting the exquisite finish, feasting my eyes on the rich colour-tones of mahogany and satinwood. My experience as a collector has proved to me that nowhere else does one get such splendid value for one's money as at the "Midland." I find it a real economy to do business with them. My bank account may have suffered from the inroads of the only collector I really disapprove of—the gentleman who calls about those

LITTLE BLUE AND BROWN DEMAND-NOTES—

but it doesn't matter. I just avail myself of the "Midland" Ideal Terms, which enable you to pay at your convenience, as your income comes in. No charge is made by the "Midland" for credit. There is no deposit to pay and no interest, while 10 per cent. additional discount is given for cash. And the purchaser gets full insurance protection as well, for the "Midland" insure the furniture against fire and, in the event of his death, they hand it over bodily to the wife without any further payment.

IN THE HEART OF LONDON.

The "Midland" Furniture Salons are "just across the road" from the Holborn Tube Station and only a minute's walk from the British Museum Tube, while 'buses from all parts pass the door and the corner of Southampton Row. All customers whose purchases amount to £20 have their railway fares paid.

For those who cannot come with me and see for themselves the splendid value and infinite range of choice offered by the "Midland," a special Book of Fine Furniture has been prepared, illustrated with over 1,000 photographs and coloured plates. This will be sent free on receipt of a postcard addressed to the Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd., 15-23, Southampton Row, London, W.C. I always keep a copy of the latest edition handy, just as the ordinary outdoor gardener keeps the latest catalogues of the seedsmen and nurserymen. It is the best guide to home-landscaping anyone can have, just as home-landscaping is the best of indoor pastimes—at any rate, when one is married, as I have the honour to be. Of course I know that many people will disagree with me. Jones, who goes to town with me every day, is an amateur of what my friend from Richmond, Pa., would call

PASSIONATE HALF-HOSE.

His one ambition in life is to attune the brilliancy of his socks to the brilliancy of his ties—thereby distracting attention from the brilliancy, or otherwise—of his intellect. And there is, I am told, an eminent journalist who has achieved fame and fortune by collecting synonyms for whiskers—such as "face-fur," and the like. You never know what people *will* take to nowadays.

John Bull's Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when writing regarding previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

CORRESPONDENTS desiring INFORMATION *should place their questions in* CONCISE *form and refrain from sending* VOLUMINOUS DOCUMENTS, *at any rate until asked for them. The Editor is quite unable to devote the time necessary for perusing and considering the scores of folios which correspondents sometimes send.*

For Financial and Insurance Replies, see page 284.
For Sporting Replies, see page 288.

G. J. B. M. (London).—The phrase "a Constitutional Democracy with an hereditary President," is our own—and we are rather proud of it. Think it well over.

F. G. W. (High Wycombe).—Leave alone the Universal Mail Order Institute, 260, Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.

"JUNIOR MEMBER" (Yorks).—It certainly seems hard that after belonging to the Foresters for 34 years your father should now have to pay for doctor's attendance simply because he has left the town in which his lodge is situated. No doubt the Insurance Act is indirectly responsible.

W. H. J. (Bexhill-on-Sea).—We strongly advise you to pay no fees in advance either to the Alexander Nursing Association or any other paying guest agency.

MRS. E. H. (Bristol).—As the British Supply Stores, of Cannon Street, Manchester, have returned your deposit of 2s. you legally have nothing against them. If you read their advertisement attentively you will see that they undertake to send the "solid gold wristlet watch" *to all approved customers* upon receipt of the 2s. deposit. As usual, although you obtained the signature of two householders, they did not approve you as a customer. Which may be just as well for you.

H. W. G. (London, E.C.).—It was most unfortunate the rector forgot the wedding and the curate didn't remember. These little things are apt to slip all our memories at times.

G. H. K. (Boro').—Bennett and Fraser, of Wandsworth, are new to us. You must judge for yourself whether your 40s., even at 1s. weekly, is worth one of their "£5 5s. solid gold watches." On the face of things, we suggest the money is better in your pocket.

S. S. (London).—We note you are "of opinion that the ass spoke to Balaam." Judging wholly by the nature of your letter, we imagine you to be a descendant of that ass.

"READER" (Old Kent Road).—It is hereby noted that you consider that "as a man is held responsible for his wife and children it is consistent that he should receive the 30s. benefit." So; but this does not justify him in spending the money on beer instead of baby.

H. C. (S. Tottenham).—As your boy was very much in the wrong for "throwing stones at a tin church" you took the worst line in every respect. The least you could have done was to apologise to the clergyman, as the fathers of the other boys did.

A. A. (Maidstone).—The Rawtenstall theatre proprietor who wants "a man and his wife to clean in day time, property man and gallery money-taker at night; wages 25s." certainly appears to be imposing a great strain on the honesty of his employees.

S. L. de B. (S. Kensington).—The Mustardettes who interrupted the Litany in St. Paul's to drag in an unauthorised prayer for Mrs. Pankhurst were, of course, acting illegally—in a *State* church.

D. T. (Croydon).—You have told us what the crab said to the lobster, now let us ask you what did the earwig say when he fell over Margate cliffs? "Herewigo." You are utterly too friv. for a little girl.

J. W. P. (Eyemouth).—We agree that the circular put into your hand on the fish quay requesting "your generous help for a gold and silver tree" on behalf of the Spittal Congregational Church, Berwick-on-Tweed, is "pure cadging and —— tommy rot," but why, oh why, do you plaster your letter with the odour of the nasty kipper? Last week somebody perfumed his epistle to us with Yarmouth bloater, and if next somebody scents one with hair-oil we shall get cross.

C. F. (Southampton).—We do not think the Midland Counties Bureau, 63, Hurst Street, Birmingham, who want "5s. for information to hand which covers also fuller details and particulars" for fixing you up in the Midlands will advantage you at all. Said 5s. is better in your pocket than theirs.

G. M. P. (Forest Gate).—Clergymen, R.C. and others, may carry-on a lottery for religious purposes; this is why the Rev. Father Sebastian of Dublin is enabled to offer, as the chief prize in the Mount Argus Golden Jubilee Bazaar and Fête Drawing, a £100 diamond tiara.

"VERACITY" (Windermere).—What! A steam laundry employs girls who work from 7 a.m. to 8 p.m., with the exception of 1½ hours mealtimes, some of the girls having to travel 9 miles each way? This is certainly scandalous.

Mrs. B. S. (Chelsfield).—Perhaps you are right in stating that the reply sent to your wife by the parson "does not say much for his manners"; but then the manners and customs of some clergymen, like those of the ancient Peruvians, are not infrequently peculiar.

W. H. H. (Great Yarmouth).—"I herewith enclose particulars of the hours worked by the conductors on the Yarmouth Corporation Tramways." If you are not careful, we shall enclose you the hours worked by us.

D. S. C. (Cheltenham).—We agree that the Insurance Act has resulted in an outbreak of shocking bad manners on the part of doctors towards their panel patients. You say "Civility costs nothing." Doesn't it? You can't buy it from all panel doctors for 4d. a week.

J. M. (Clerkenwell).—For the ninety-millionth time, the Spanish Prisoner swindle is as old as the hills, at the least. Why treat it so solemnly?

"CONFIDENCE" (Brighton).—The rumour that the road scavengers in Brighton have been instructed to "come to work in the morning with clean collars and ties and boots properly brushed and cleaned" has not reached us. Any information about getting their hair cut?

"PENZANCE."—"If Edna May and Phyllis Dare, why wa Wilkie Bard?" How should we know?

Mrs. B. (Hackney).—Afraid Barrett's, of Wood Green, are open to a great deal of criticism in respect of the wages they pay to many of their employees.

J. V. B. (Eastwood).—Oh, these compositors! He of the *Daily Telegraph* who set up the ad. commencing, "A Home of Pest By the Sea. An institute at Hayling Island is being removed to another part of the country—" is probably now deceased, or, at any rate, looking for another job.

S. F. B. (Aldershot).—"Enclosed," say you, "you will find a piece of steel found in a packet of nut milk chocolate." Try another packet, and if you come across another bar you will realise they are determined to give full weight.

G. B. (London, N.).—If that is the state of things, we incline to think your wife's view of your companions is the correct one. As you are a little younger than we are, we can tell you never to despise a wife's instinct. Only the fool stoops to pick up nothing.

W. W. (Monk Street).—Cannot undertake to sit in judgment on other people's competitions. Quite enough to do to look after our own.

"LEONI" (Carnoustie).—"There are about two dozen German waiters employed here at the Barry Camps." How many German sausages?

C. W. B. (Hampton).—Our contemporary's statement that Mozart composed his famous "Requiem" which was first performed at his own burial while he lay dying, is biscuity, but unfunny.

"LABOUR EXCHANGE CLERK" (Newport).—Don't see how we can assist. The grievances of clerks in connection with these Labour Exchanges are many and varied. Are not you and your fellow clerks too imaginative in regard to the new comer?

A. S. S. (Forest Gate).—"Why on earth should we stick to either Tory or Liberal; let's forget them and do something." Let's.

Hundreds of "John Bull" Football Season Ticketholders. Why not be one of them? See p. 279.

A MITCHAM READER sends us—in an envelope merely addressed to "The Biscuit Editor," no paper or place being mentioned—a newspaper cutting containing a blunder. Needless to say, the Post Office experienced no difficulty in conveying it to the proper quarter. Such is fame!

E. W. (Gateshead) asks us to open a fund for the benefit of John Vernon Parke, the library assistant at St. Bride's Foundation Institute, who was sentenced to a month's imprisonment in the second division for stealing three books. It will be remembered that Parke, a youth of twenty, was in receipt of a salary of 10s. a week, out of which he had to support himself, he having no parents. E. W. offers to start with a sovereign, and we shall be very pleased to receive this amount and any others which may be sent to us for the purpose.

V. J. S. (Fulham).—We have already had something to say about the man Edwards, of Clyde House, Hampton, who professes to obtain situations for stewards, etc., on board Atlantic liners. It is your two shillings he wants, and he appears to have got it.

A. W. W. (Tunbridge Wells) finds amusement in linking together the "Bullet" examples published weekly in JOHN BULL, and making an intelligent sentence of them. He says he obtains in this exercise some compensation for failing to win a prize. A modern Mark Tapley, for sure!

W. O. A. (South Shields).—Something is to be said for the action of the police in the case. Why does a man want to bathe in his skin when he can buy a pair of shorts for 4½d.? The Simple Life is all very well, but we don't care for it too simple.

"MAINDY" (Pentre) writes: "Will you kindly give me the address of Osborne, of Osborne judgment?" We believe Mr. Osborne was employed at Clapton Station (London) on the Great Eastern Railway, and a line there might reach him.

W. H. B. (London, W.C.).—Thanks for your advice, "Be good and Heaven bless you." Ditto.

"COMIC HANCOCK" (Sheffield) breaks out as follows:—

"The Whole Duty of John Bull
Who will make a speech when in his best
and hit the middle of the bull eye
with his right hand fist."

What have we done to deserve this?

W. H. P. (Rickmansworth).—What is your complaint against and who is, Watson? You are too vague. We have no time to work out epistolary puzzles.

T. O. (Australia).—Your verses, "Peace—with Honor," breathe the right sentiment, but are not up to publication standard. For example, the lines:

"Shall the World say we're afraid?
Where's the spirit the Nation made?"

suggest an appeal to Dutch courage.

W. H. W. (Bristol).—There is nothing small or trivial in life. All things are great and important in their place. That is why the fact that when you asked for a penny bottle of black ink as you wanted it for a funeral, and the bazaar people sold you blue interests us. You should have asked for a penn'orth of black varnish.

A. J. C. (Gospel Oak).—Oh, for a business office-boy!

J. H. B. B. (Portsmouth).—Agreed that "some punishment ought to be served out to those agents that goes in to rob the revenue." Also those that goes out.

A. E. P. (Leytonstone).—Now *you* are after us about the lucky-stone man. He is an unmitigated——; but why don't you read your JOHN BULL?

P. S. (Strand).—The Yorkshire toast, as we remember, is, "Here's to me, an' you, an' all on us. May we niver want nowt, noan on us." To which we say, Amen.

"SAM" (Sheepwash).—You say that when you are in London you "would like to see the wonderful editor of JOHN BULL and would willingly pay sixpence." Tell us when you are in London and if we can manage it we will cop your tanner.

C. R. (Pitsea).—"I may say," so you say, "the Pope of Rome is not in receipt of any fixed salary." You may.

"GEE-UP" (Geelong).—Do you unfasten your collar-stud to comb your hair? Tut!

G. G. (Hexthorpe).—If, as you inform us, you "bet a man a wager that he could not drink five drinks in five minutes and he drank the drink in less than one minute," we think you lost.

W. C. C. (On Board).—Your complaint of the charges for liquid refreshment aboard the L. and N.W. Railway's Dublin-Holyhead boats is noted. Eightpence for a small bottle of lager beer in the saloon bar is certainly exorbitant.

"DAVE" (Finchley).—Your beautiful essay on "Early Rising" for the debating society ought to strike them nearly dumb; only when you have got as far as "It is the early bird that catches the worm" be ready for the youth who will probably rise to remark that this only proves what idiots some worms and men are.

H. M. P. (Gateshead).—We don't know who is the richest man; neither does he. True that "the Bank of England is a private banking company which has the patronage, support, and certain privileges from the Government."

REV. C. E. W. (Hereford).—Thank you for your letter.

"A LAGER."—You are asking too much when you request us to interpret the Shop Hours Act. The recent White Paper shows how the Act applies to hotel servants.

G. W. R. E. (Walworth, S.E.).—We fail to see why there should be an argument as to the date JOHN BULL was first published. Each copy bears the number of weeks since we first appeared. Work it out. And if you can't get at it, write us again.

S. H. (Abertillery).—Hope your liver is in a better order by now. You were evidently suffering from a bad attack of bile when you wrote. If you should be so unkind as to write us again, please refrain from disfiguring your pages with such fearsome flourishes.

P. T. P. (S. Vancouver).—Which do we "consider the most complete and truthful edition of the history of the world and where to obtain one"? Should not like to recommend it. Somebody would be sure to allege it was full of lies.

H. F. (Sevenoaks).—Very generous; but for our advertising rates reference should be made to the usual quarter.

J. W. B. (Nottingham).—But the obvious retort, don't you see, is why were you "kidded."

T. W. (Douglas).—You have our best wishes in your struggle.

MRS. N. B. (Hove).—The Agent-General for West Australia is Hon. Sir N. J. Moore, K.C.M.G., London.

H. J. K. (Hanley).—You are entitled to balance on the re-sale of the goods if you can prove there is any. All these gaslight auctioneers are out to impose on the credulity of the foolish.

"HONOURABLE" (Manchester).—Do we know if the various schools of languages on the Continent are genuine? *Quelle question!*

MRS. E. H. (Liverpool).—On the contrary, you must forgive us if we were not sufficiently discriminative in our phrase "Street-door pests." "Hard-pressed must do the best."

F. C. A. (London, N.).—That "Ancient Prayer" is an old form of epistolary snowball. The prayer itself, "Oh Lord, I pray Thee keep us from all evil and bless all mankind" is surely as simple as it is beautiful.

"REX" (High Wycombe).—Why worry about what portion of the expenses of your marriage will fall to your share? Whatever they are, they will be as nothing to the exs. that will fall to your share from that time onwards. We temper our congratulations with sympathy.

M. T. (Chichester) congratulates us on our circulation, but condoles with our publisher because we must be constantly asking for more. We look towards Chichester and likewise bow.

R. S. (Bath) kindly offers his services in the cause of sweated machinists, having plenty of time on his hands, and, we should judge, a kind heart. We will gladly communicate his address to any person similarly interested in one of the crying evils of the day, with a view to their co-operating.

F. E. B. (Sevenoaks) asks if we are glad of tit-bits for our "magzine," and thinks he could send us "a very amusing bit." What's the good of thinking?

J. A. J. (Dorchester).—Did you write to the Factory Dept., Home Office, Whitehall, respecting the Factories Inspectorship? If so, it is strange you received no reply. And yet, after all, *is* it strange?

M. R. C. S. (Croydon).—No, dear doc., we do not. You might as well ask us to advise you where to get your hair cut.

"FED UP" (Harlesden).—Pooh! Why make so much ado about so little? The fat and the lean's the best of the beef.

G. W. (Manchester).—It was certainly funny that the collier with you in the railway carriage should assume you to be our Special Commissioner because you were making "Bullets." No doubt they were rough diamonds.

C. V. H. (New Conisbro') writes:—

Sometimes I am poetical,
Then it is a pleasure,
To sit and write a line or two,
Of someone at my leisure.

A. F. (Liverpool) sends us an original song entitled, "The Kaiser," the chorus whereof closes with the line:—

"Einmal, Zweimal und Dreimal Hoch."

We have no use for this sort of thing. A. F. should send it to the Kaiser. He might receive the Order of the Black Sausage in recognition of his poetic patriotism.

E. G. O. (Chelsea Court).—Your pamphlet, "The Writing on the Ground" received. What are you driving at?

A. K. (Bristol) writes:—"Dear John, do you understand The Bishop?" Which bishop?

(A large number of replies are held over.)

Our new Hat Trick. Can you do it? See page 286.

Bull's Eyes.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION :—

Will our battleships go better when "oiled"?
Are you having a shot at that goal on page 279?
Is all the "grousing" taking place on the moors?
Was the Revenue Bill dropped for want of support?
Isn't Lloyd George sometimes "Radically" wrong?
Will Mexico see the "Stars" and feel the "Stripes"?
Is the praise of the new safety aeroplane over-Dunne?
Are the Socialists playing a "Scurr-vy" trick at Chesterfield?
Did Winston move in order to feel more "at home" with his work?
Isn't the statement that the militants are mad likely to make them so?
Isn't the placing of a German whisky on the market approaching us with a friendly spirit?

* * *

ANCIENT :—

Finance—For Noah floated a Company.
Deception—For Nero fiddled while Rome burned.
Telephones—For Henry VIII. was constantly ringing off.
Hero Worship—For Charles I. lost his head over Cromwell.
Corporal Punishment—For even Adam kept a little Cain.
Cordite—For there is evidence that the Romans shelled "natives."
Engineering—For Guy Fawkes was executed for trying to construct a lift.
Traffic Problems—For Sir Walter Raleigh suffered through a block in the City.
Card-playing—For Job had Patience, and Hamlet's father was caught napping.

* * *

SPOONERISMS :—

"I've got an awful lane in my peg," as the rheumatic patient said to the doctor.
"Will you please sew me into a sheet," as the old lady said to the pew opener.
"The room's like ice; fight the lire at once," as the old gent. said to the slavey.
"Sorry I'm late, but I couldn't batch the cuss," as the servant said to her mistress.
"There's apple tart and mice rolled," as the waiter said announcing the sweets.
"Half a mo., I've forgotten my stalking wick," as the Nut said as he ran back for his cane.
"Has the engineer weaned the clerks?" as the proprietor of the mill asked his foreman.
"There was far too much thud and blunder in your lecture," as the professor said to the young man.

* * *

INFANTILE MALAPROPISMS :—

"Mother says our new carpet is a taximeter."
"We've got a sneiderdown quilt on our bed."
"Doctor says Aunt's got eternal chasms coming on."
"Our servant's ill: she went into italics twice yesterday."
"My arm's better; doctor's bringing out the information."
"The doctor's at our house; sister's in bed with a side slip."
"I mustn't play with you, 'cause my brother's got the scarlet concertina."
"There's a terrible animal in the ice regions called the Arctic boar-a-roarer."
"I can only take milk, please. Doctor says I've got the gas in my trytus."

* * *

The right man never kisses a girl against her will.
When pleasure becomes a habit, it ceases to be a pleasure.
He who has dined at "Folly's Inn" must not dispute the bill.
Experience is the only school that has no correspondence course.
What's the use of having castles in the air if you don't own an airship?
Most troubles can be settled by compromise, except the compromising letter.
A ring round the moon indicates stormy weather ahead; so does a ring round a girl's finger.
Honesty may be the best policy, but the average man will tell you that the premiums are almost prohibitive.
Men worry more than women—they not only have everything to worry about that women have, but they also have the women to worry about, too.

* * *

The Kaiser is still talking about his place in the sun. A regular scorcher.

* * * *

"What to read on your holidays?" That's easy. JOHN BULL, *Mary Bull*, and "Bradshaw's Railway Guide."

Steel is to be cheaper. But it has always been a "cut" industry.

* * *

If we cannot afford to go after the grouse it is just as well not to grouse.

* * *

"Arctic Explorer Divorced," we read. Evidently someone out in the cold.

* * *

Soft soap will ease a burn, we are told. It will also ease a man of his money.

* * *

Tennis is a test of character, we are told. But all players are a bit racquety.

* * *

"Dead on the pier" is a heading. And Mr. Lloyd George is dead on the dukes.

* * *

A total of £600 is on offer in London for fugitive husbands. They are not worth it.

* * *

"Novel Bathing Suit," says a heading. Judging by the illustration, it is a short story.

* * *

That fire broke out in the hop room of a brewery must have led the firemen a pretty dance.

* * *

The cost of the recent L.C.C. election amounted to £10,792. But that is only the initial expense

* * *

The educated burglar who is replacing the Bill Sikes type no doubt studies at "night schools."

* * *

A prisoner confessed to the Willesden magistrate that he had beer for breakfast. Ale, smiling morn!

* * *

The first criticism of woman by man was Adam's in the Garden: "Leaves much to be desired."

* * *

"The Girl Who Wouldn't Work" has just been published. Evidently the heroine is a domestic servant.

* * *

The nest reported to have been found on the back of a sheep, near Bideford, must have been a mare's nest.

* * *

A new comedy sketch is entitled, "A Cold Douche." The humour is evidently not of the "dry" variety.

* * *

Death from consumption over the age of 70 is almost unknown. So if you haven't go it then, you are all right.

* * *

Woodburn, Bucks, has fixed up a spray bath for school children. Motto for Wooburn: "Let us spray."

* * *

The thrifty tenant should remember it is just as cheap to owe rent in the West End as it is in the suburbs.

* * *

Miss Lily Smith, London's champion lady swimmer, should certainly have been christened Water-Lily Smith.

* * *

"Dynamite Wins a Wrestling Match," reads a headline. Of course; it would soon be "all up" with its opponent.

* * *

A morning paper tells its readers how to forecast the weather correctly. Why doesn't it practise instead of preaching?

* * *

Wandsworth Guardians are paying £54 for a new carpet for their board room. Some of them should be called over it.

* * *

Mr. W. Law has been appointed the King's trumpeter in Scotland. The German Emperor does not need such a deputy.

* * *

We read of a newly-married couple buying a house with genuine Adam decorations. What a paradise it must be!

* * *

A man has invented a clock that will go five years without winding up. Many company directors are asking for his address.

* * *

At the Medical Congress, a machine for mapping out the brain was described. We fear that many would show a large proportion of water.

* * *

TO-MORROW'S NEWS :—

A serious accident occurred last night to an aero 'bus. The light on the Nelson monument by some means was extinguished, and the 'bus collided with the structure. One man was hurled into the fountain basin below, but the other passengers escaped with a severe shaking.

The Express Air Company are now issuing half-day excursion tickets to the Pyramids. The time allows for a short trip over the Nile Valley.

Don't delay your Football entries. Read our attractive and mammoth offer on page 279.

DON'T DELAY! SEND YOUR ENTRIES NOW.

Fifteen Hundred Pounds!

This week we give the second coupon in our First New Season Football Contest. For our initial test of Football skill we offer the mammoth cash prize of £1,500 with huge cash contingent prizes amounting to £550, including a special lady's prize of £100 and an unlimited number of Football Season Tickets—the most attractive Football prize offer ever made. Send in your entries now and get your football friends to enter.

£300
FOR NEAREST FORECASTS SHORT OF FULL NUMBER.

£150
FOR NEXT HIGHEST CORRECT.

£100
FOR A MAUVE COUPON.

In addition to our mammoth cash offer we shall award an unlimited number of Football Season Tickets. Every competitor sending an Entrance Form giving 16 or more correct forecasts will be awarded one of these special prizes—which will enable the winners to witness every match at any Football Ground they may select during the whole season under comfortable conditions and free of all expense.

IN ADDITION TO THE ABOVE, WE SHALL AWARD AN UNLIMITED NUMBER OF

FOOTBALL SEASON TICKETS AS PRIZES

TO SENDERS OF 16 OR MORE CORRECT FORECASTS.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to forecast the results of the 20 League Games to be played on **Saturday, September 6th,** given on the Entrance Form on page 2 of our cover. Draw your pen plainly through the name of the team you think will lose. If you predict a draw, do not cross out either team.

£1,500 will be paid to the Competitor sending us an Entrance Form containing correct forecasts of all the matches given, played to a finish, even if THE NUMBER BE ONLY 8 OR 10.

The RULES and COUPON will be found on PAGE 2 of COVER.

Abandoned Matches make No Difference.

In the event of no Entrance Form being received giving the whole of the correct results

£300 IN CASH

will be paid to the competitor giving most correct forecasts short of the full number. We shall also pay as a further prize

£150 IN CASH

to the competitor sending the next highest number of correct forecasts, and **£100 in cash** will be paid to the lady sending in most correct forecasts on a *mauve* coupon taken from *Mary Bull*. Thus, should it happen that the first prize of £1,500 be not won, we shall, in any event, still award the £300 as well as the £150, and a lady must win a huge cash prize by using a *Mary Bull* mauve coupon.

In addition an unlimited number of unique Football prizes will be awarded. To every competitor sending 16 or more correct forecasts we shall award a Season ticket to any Football ground the competitor may select. *Winners of these special prizes have the option of choosing the cash value of the ticket.*

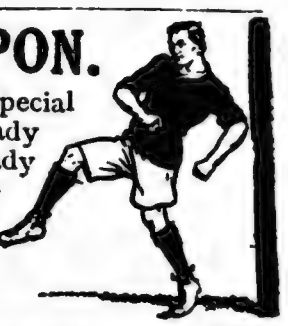
YOU CAN SEND AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU LIKE, and any number can be enclosed in the same envelope, but every coupon must be signed by the person making the forecasts.

NO FEES! NO GOALS! Required.

The competition is one of pure skill, and competitors should make a point of studying the football columns of the daily papers.

Our system of checking the Entrance Forms of competitors is as perfect as human ingenuity can make it. Fraud is rendered absolutely impossible, whilst all risk of a coupon being overlooked is, by our elaborate arrangements, totally eliminated.

£100 FOR A "MAUVE" COUPON.



We cordially invite all our lady readers to enter and to take advantage of our special prize offer for ladies only. We shall pay the huge sum of £100 in cash to the lady sending in an Entrance Form giving more correct forecasts than any other lady competitor, *providing the Entrance Form is a mauve one taken from "Mary Bull."* By using a mauve coupon lady competitors have the same opportunity as JOHN BULL competitors of winning the £1,500, or the £300 and the £150, but *in addition* a mauve coupon means the additional advantage of our £100 special lady's prize offer. Thus a "mauve" coupon *must win* a huge cash prize. The second mauve coupon will be found in *Mary Bull*, on sale Friday, August 22. You can send in as many mauve coupons as you like.

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE FOOTBALL PRIZE OFFER EVER MADE.

After you have filled up your entries for this competition, turn to page 286, where you will find particulars of "Bullets," a simple and attractive Competition which you should not fail to enter. A first prize of £500 in cash is offered this week, in addition to more than 5,000 cash and other valuable prizes.

UNBAKED BISCUITS.

[*A Suggested Addendum to our "Biscuit" Column.*]

For an excellent recovery from brain-fever consequent upon their efforts to trace the author of a recent atrocious child-murder,

THE HEADS OF THE SLEEPING (SURREY) POLICE FORCE
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For admitting that there are a few Crimean and other army veterans still OUTSIDE the workhouse,

THE WAR OFFICE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For refusing to sentence a child of ten caught buying a pennyworth of ice-cream on the Lord's Day to more than five years in an Industrial School,

BAILIE MACSTIGGINS, OF WEE-FREESTOUN, N.B.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For dismissing a sleeping-out case with a few kindly words of advice,

J. P. ALLWORTHY, ESQ.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For electrifying the Commons by moving that "this House do now proceed to *Business*"!!!

A NEW MEMBER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

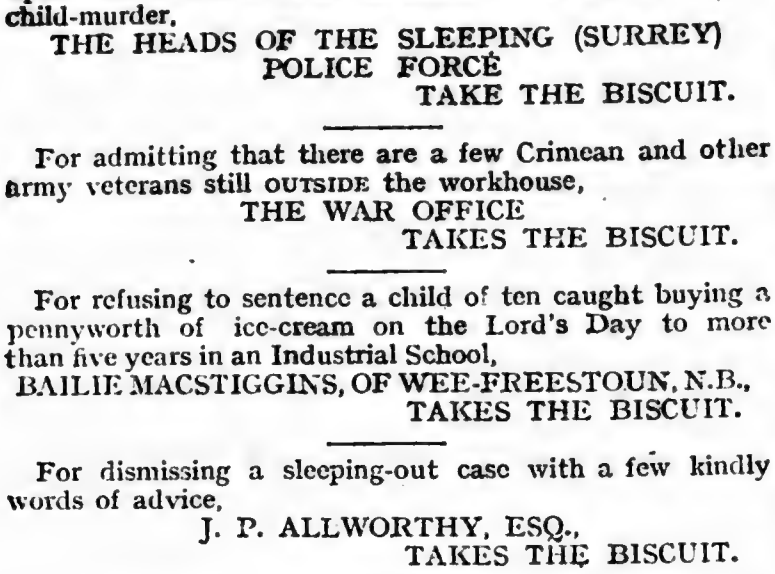
For appointing a Royal Commission to enquire into he whereabouts of all the other Royal Commissions,

H.M. GOVERNMENT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

OUR 43RD "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

TONBRIDGE LADY WINS £500.

Mrs. Margaret H. Leonard (owing to the absence of description on the successful coupon, wrongly announced last week as *Miss* Margaret H. Leonard), of 1, Florence Place, Tonbridge, tells us that she achieved fame and fortune with her eighth attempt. Several friends had told her that we "would not place another big prize in Tonbridge, one having been already won there"—but he would not listen to these unwise counsellers, and has



now every reason for her trust in the absolute disinterestedness of the judges. Mrs. Leonard has two children, and will no doubt find many ways in which to utilise the money, though, for the present, we understand, her husband will invest it, as being a Civil servant he does not need it for buisness purposes. With wifely devotion, she gives the main credit for the great achievement to Mr. Leonard, stating that the efforts have been jointly thought out, and that the honour of evolving the winning line was more his than hers.

The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Messrs. Stonestreet and Sons, 25, High Street, Tonbridge; while the cheque for the second prize of £75 will be displayed by Mr. W. Knight, 106, Earl Street, Northampton.

The JOHN BULL *Bank.*

OLD JEWRY, LONDON, E.C.

ADVANTAGES FOR THE SMALL TRADER.

Large numbers of small traders have to pay accounts in small sums and know the trouble attached to the purchase of postal-orders.

They are also aware of the risks run by the loss of postal-orders, especially in these days of raids on letter boxes.

The numbers or loose counterfoils of postal-orders sent by post have to be kept until acknowledgments are received.

There is no evidence of payment. The postal-order may be stolen and cashed and the sender has little if any remedy, whilst his creditor is still requiring payment of the overdue account.

By opening a Current Account with The JOHN BULL BANK all the trouble, risk of loss and anxiety attendant on payment by postal-orders is taken off your shoulders.

Fill up and send the following request to :—

.....

The Manager,

THE JOHN BULL BANK, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

Dear Sir,—I enclose £ : : , and wish you to open a Current Account with your Bank in my name. Please supply me with a cheque book. Yours truly,

Give your full name here _____
(State if Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address _____

23.8 Date _____ 19____

Ordinary Signature. _____

TRANSFERABLE DEPOSIT NOTES.

Interest: 5 per cent. per annum.

These Notes are payable upon presentation at the Bank three months from date of issue, or at any time thereafter, and carry interest at 5 per cent. per annum from date of issue until date of payment.

The holder of a Transferable Deposit Note having signed his name on the back of the Note, may transfer it to any other person who will then have the same right to claim payment as the original holder.

Transferable Notes are issued in sums of £1 and £5 only. If odd shillings and pence are deposited they are placed to the credit of the depositor until a round sum of £1 is accumulated, when a Deposit Note is issued to the Depositor.

The Manager,

THE JOHN BULL BANK, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

Dear Sir,—I enclose £ : : and request you to issue to me Transferable Deposit Notes for that amount.

Yours truly,

Give your full name here _____
(State if Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address _____

23 8 Date _____ 19____

Ordinary Signature. _____

"How I Fooled the Beauty Doctors. Removed all Wrinkles over Night.

After Plasters, Creams and Appliances, Steaming Pots, Massage, Prescriptions, Apparatus, and all Advertised Methods Had Absolutely Failed.

A Remarkable Interview with Mme. Lawton, who for the first time reveals to "John Bull" Readers Full Particulars of Her Recent Discovery. Nothing like it Was Ever Used or Even Heard of Before.

By BLANCHE GORDON.

It has remained for a woman unskilled in scientific research to solve, quite by accident, the problem that has baffled all science and the entire medical profession the world over. In a recent interview Mme. Lawton explained to the writer why no one need patronise expensive Beauty specialists now, for any woman can easily accomplish, in the strict privacy of her own home, the seeming miracles which are causing physicians and Beauty experts everywhere to stand aghast in startled amazement.

For the first time Mme. Lawton has generously consented to reveal how all the network of lines and furrows left by ten years of illness, worry, and care were swept from her face in a single night, as though by the wand of some fabled magician. She explained to me the embarrassment and humiliation she felt when her face became seared and seamed by myriads of disfiguring wrinkles, how deep creases appeared where once the dimples were, and how she, though still young, had the heartrending experience of being looked upon with pity as a prematurely old woman totally devoid of all personal attractiveness. For, after all, the world judges a woman's age by her appearance, and if her face remains youthful, the mere passing of years means nothing to her. But if her face proclaims her old, a pitiless world sees only the disfiguring marks of Time and old age, so bids her step aside for a younger generation.

Mme. Lawton described with deep feeling the sadness with which she thus viewed the passing of her own youth, and said it was the most bitterly tragic period of her whole life. She was able to afford any expense, so could command the services of the best specialists in the land, and she frantically tried massage, which stretches the skin still more, electrical treatments that were torture, medicines that made her all, suction cups, masks, irritating lotions, and worthless advertised methods galore. After wasting a fortune in this way, however, she was compelled to give up in absolute despair.

Imagine, then, her ecstasies of joy and delight, the indescribable relief that filled her soul to overflowing, when quite by accident she one day discovered an almost incredibly simple process, involving a totally new scientific principle, which quickly banished every trace of line or wrinkle from her face. Light lines and crowsfeet disappeared within an hour, in a single night the deepest creases were gone, and in less than a week her face was soft, clear, and smooth as a young child's. Mme. Lawton found a way to tighten the loose, sagging, wrinkled skin, and to build up firm, healthy tissue underneath where the wrinkles were, so the skin rested on an even surface and became virtually wrinkle-proof. Now, after nearly two months, I saw with my own eyes the face of smooth, delicate contour, the beautiful, velvety skin and complexion like a rose, where formerly were the deep lines and furrows that added twenty years to her age.

These two photographs, the second of which you may recognise, show more plainly than any words what a marvellous transformation any woman may now quickly bring bout by means of the new discovery explained in this article

To describe the method here in full detail would somewhat overrun the space allotted to me for this article, but Mme. Lawton explained that a perfect deluge of requests for information has descended upon her, and many of the inquiries are from her acquaintances, but to personally write a satisfactory answer to everyone would be quite impossible, so she hit upon the clever plan of fully describing her method in a small booklet. A limited number of these, the first to be printed, had just arrived, and after much persuasion I was fortunately able to arrange with Mme. Lawton to send one of these attractive booklets, while they last, absolutely free of cost, to any of our readers sufficiently interested to write her and enclose two penny stamps for posting expenses.

Mme. Lawton refused to accept the slightest payment, for her trouble, saying she has explained the method to many of her friends, from whom she showed me letters proving they had all used it with wonderful success; and as it now appears to be practically infallible, she welcomes this opportunity to show her gratitude by giving the secret to our readers. Simply address Mme. Lawton, (71) 197, Regent Street, London, W.; and I advise writing promptly, as the supply of booklets is limited, and the offer expires in 30 days owing to the amount of trouble and work involved. Nevertheless, I consider it very kind and generous of her to subject herself to the inconvenience even for a short period, especially when we consider that she makes no charge whatever for the booklet.

The supply is estimated to last 30 days, but if you are delayed in writing and no booklets remain when your letter arrives, the postage will be returned to you. This arrangement has been made for the special benefit of JOHN BULL readers only, and this article should be mentioned in your letter as evidence that you are entitled to receive the valuable information.

CAPE TO CAIRO IN A MOTOR,
through parts Unknown to the White Man.

Farewell Greeting by HIS MAJESTY, KING GEORGE V., who expressed his personal interest in this Gigantic Undertaking.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING

Coventry House, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.
(the training centre for the British Motor Industry),
was appointed to take the great responsibility of teaching Motoring to the Leaders of this GOVERNMENT EXPEDITION, including Captain Kelsey (in command).

Apply for full particulars of Practical Motor Tuition for Car Owners, or those wishing to learn for the Trade, or for Private Service. Note above address.

SELFRIDGE'S

Footwear for Men

Men's Black Grain Shooting BOOTS, with stout Waterproof soles; thoroughly reliable. Also in Tan. A pair - - **25/-**

Men's Tan Willow Brogue SHOES with stout soles; also in Black Box Calf. Special value. a pair - - - - - **16/6**

Men's Real White Buckskin TENNIS SHOES in plain or semi-brogue style, with Red Rubber soles.

21/- Value. pair **12/6**

Letter Orders carefully filled. Carriage paid in British Isles.
SELFRIDGE & Co., Ltd., Oxford St., London, W.

FREE on receipt of postcard fully illustrated art catalogue of —
RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLES
for the home. Cash or easy payments. Send for it to-day. Prices from £3 : 7 : 6. The popular size 6ft. 4ins. costs only £5 : 5 : 0. Seven days' free trial.
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A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE
(44th Edition 1913).

Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Brokers' Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers—

FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.,
1, Bank Street, Royal Exchange, Manchester.

CITY NOTES.

[*For Financial and Insurance Letter Box, see page 284.*]

The Stock Markets.

The more urgent Bear closing has now ceased—not, however, before it had resulted in a further important all-round advance, and the running has since been taken up by investors who have shown a disposition to take the stock sold by professional operators, bought by the latter at lower prices during the recent slump. The two holidays in Paris have made things rather quiet in mines and certain other sections, but now that that Bourse has re-opened, we may expect to see things more lively again, especially as the monetary outlook continues satisfactory, the Bank of England's gold reserve being almost at a record high-level for the time of the year. The unpleasant experiences which investors have recently had in connection with the Cuban Ports, and other similar foreign enterprises, are likely to work in favour of home securities. After all, as the yields on Home Rails, for instance, range up to 6 per cent. per annum, there is really no inducement to give foreign stocks the preference. The Yankee Market has held up well, considering the adverse crop influences. Canadian Pacifics at one time were put up by Continental operators, but the price has fallen away again, and they are also suffering from the general "financial stringency" in Canada. The Grand Trunk directors are fond of springing surprises upon the market—mostly of an unpleasant kind—and they have just placed another half-a-million of 5 per cent. notes quite secretly, which, of course, did not help the junior stocks. A feature of the moment is the remarkable rise in rubber shares, which have not had any serious set-back, and now Rubber Plantation Trusts have taken the lead again, with Vallambrosa and Linggis close up. In the Oil Market the chief interest has centred in the Shell-California Oilfields duel, which has put up the latter shares to 6¼, while Shell Transport are rather easier at 5$\frac{7}{16}$. For once in a way, the Shell people did not get the best of the deal. The feature in mines has been the revival in Rhodesians led by Chartered, which indicates that the land scheme has now almost been matured. The latter should also have important effects upon the other Rhodesians land-owning companies. Kaffirs, after a further rise, quieted down temporarily, but the important strike just made in the Springs Mine should have considerable influence upon the whole of the Far Eastern Rand. Copper shares are holding their own fairly well, considering the relapse in Americans, and the copper market itself seems to be pretty well sold out. The market for tin has not yet regained its equilibrium, but tin shares are distinctly firmer, with the prominent exception of a sharp fall in Kaffirs.

The Cape Loading Company.

We have frequently called attention to the manner in which competition in the Cape Trade is so severely handicapped by the Martin and Co. Combine, under which arrangement Houlder's, the South African Line, Howdens, and the International Line, were paid £10,000 a year to keep out of the Trade. We are glad to know our criticism has borne results, and those interested in the Cape Trade will be gratified to learn that the arrangement we have referred to is now coming to an end, Ellermans having decided to take over the loading, to secure the two lines, and put them entirely out of the trade. This being so, the Cape merchants are likely to at last obtain fair freight rates, as the result of legitimate competition, which hitherto has been impossible.

Rio Grande Rubber.

Formed during the rubber boom of three years ago, this Glasgow concern issued a prospectus in which there appeared a report from Mr. C. A. Littler, late commercial agent in the East for the Government of Tasmania, which estimated that the rubber trees alone on the company's concession in the Southern Philippines would yield a profit from 1910 to 1914 of £12,000, and increase yearly until a profit of £64,000 was earned in 1919. Mr. Littler received £20,000 in cash and shares for conveying the concession to the Scophil Syndicate, Ltd., and the latter, as vendors to, and promoters of, the Rio Grande, a week afterwards resold the concession to the company at a profit of £10,000 in cash and shares. From the first annual meeting of the Company down to the present time there has been constant warfare between shareholders and the board, the former desiring to investigate matters connected with the promotion and administration of the Company and the directors defeating them every time by means of proxies. Then the Scotch Courts were tried, but whilst two of them favoured the board, the House of Lords upheld the appeal in a test case, the result of which would have been a judicial investigation into the matters complained of. Before this could take place, however, the Bill Chamber of the Edinburgh Court of Session granted a petition for the voluntary winding-up of the company, and it is to be hoped that the investigation into its promotion which the directors have burked for 2½ years may now take place. It is certainly necessary that Mr. Littler and the vendors to the company, as well as the directors, be called to explain their creation of this rabid wild-cat.

A "Barren" Liquidation.

Shareholders in the Baron Cigarette Machine Co. (in liquidation), have received a first and final dividend of 11d. per 10s. share. The total assets available in the liquidation amounted to over £14,000, but every penny of this except the £5,000 distributed amongst the shareholders was expended one way or another in the winding-up. Messrs. B. and L. B. Baron have repurchased the assets and business of the Company for £3,958, and even they tried to back out of the "bargain" at one time. It has been a sorry business all through, and we are surprised that the shareholders have taken it so quietly.

A Company Directing Magistrate.

The Hon. John Augustus de Grey, half-brother and heir presumptive to Lord Walsingham, is Chairman of the East Suffolk Quarter Sessions, and Magistrate for Stipendiary W. London. He has been a director of about a score of joint-stock enterprises which have been more or less failures. He is at present a director of, amongst others, the Buluwayo and General Exploration Co. (1906), Ltd., which held its meeting recently under his chairmanship. The company is a second reconstruction of a concern which dates back to 1897, and Mr. de Grey has been its chairman all these years. It has now paid its first dividend, one of 5 per cent., and has interests not only in Africa but also in a company which is engaged in whaling in the South Seas, in a concern engaged in looking for coal in Kent, and in another that is doing something or other in Idaho. Mr. de Grey's connection with earlier enterprises has been most unfortunate, as has been that of their shareholders. His list of directorships has thus dwindled from 25 to 3. We do not doubt but that Mr. de Grey discharges his duties in Court and on the respective boards of his surviving companies in a manner above the slightest reproach. Still, it does not seem to us as unbecoming that he should leave the bench of the S.W. London Police Court to direct whaling expeditions in the South Seas, coal explorations in Kent, and financial transactions in California. We do not believe that another Metropolitan magistrate is a director of joint-stock companies.

Industrial Assurance.

A remarkable feature of present-day insurance is the number of separate yet allied organisations which have been brought into being obviously with the object of safeguarding, as far as possible, the existing interests of the industrial assurance companies and the great collecting friendly societies. Verily, the National Health Insurance Act has much to answer for, and with the prospect of a "Death Benefit" being added to the State scheme looming in the distance, there is probably reason why the various industrial assurance companies should feel somewhat perturbed, and, recognising the signs of the times, adopt such measures of self-defence and protection as may be within their power and influence. The "Prudential," which has hitherto kept aloof from joining any recognised body of insurance combinations, has now come into line in connection with what is termed "The Inaugural Meeting of the National Conference of Industrial Assurance Approved Societies." After the objects and the proposed constitution of this latest association had been explained, we learn that Mr. A. C. Thompson, of the "Prudential," took the chair, and we also observe it stated that the Insurance Commissioners were good enough to depute Mr. Thomas Neill (late of the L.E. and G. and Pearl), one of their number, to attend the Conference. We are living in an atmosphere of strange Insurance unrest, and it is difficult to foresee what is likely to happen in the not distant future. One thing, however, is quite certain, and that is that Industrial Assurance policies now held by the poor, who are the least able to suffer the loss of their hard-earned savings, will have to be drawn up on a more equitable basis, and the huge expenditure entailed in the conduct of this class of business seriously curtailed.

£1,500 and Free Season Tickets for followers of Football. See page 279.

The Graves System of Business ensures satisfaction

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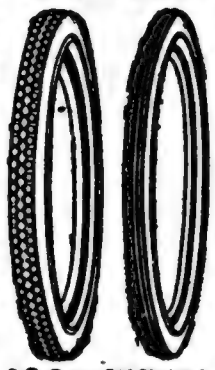
Goods delivered on receipt of small payment.

GENUINE CLINCHER TYRES

We supply this world-renowned make of Tyre at rock-bottom cash prices on Easy Terms. Any trade of **'Clincher' Tyres** supplied to approved orders for small payment with order and the balance to be completed in equal monthly payments if you are entirely satisfied after full examination at your own home.

ON EASY TERMS AT CASH PRICES.



The 'Clincher' B Motor Cycle Tyre with beaded edge. Cover only.
26 x 2 .. **21/-** 3/6 Monthly.
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The 'Clincher' A Won Motor Cycle Tyre. Beaded edge. Cover only.
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26 x 2¼ .. **39/-** 6/6 Monthly.
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J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

The 'Clincher' Popular Tyre. Wired or beaded edge as ordered. Size, 28 x 1½ only. Cover and Tube, **11/2** 2/3 Monthly.

The 'Clincher' B Tyre. Wired edge. Supplied in all standard sizes. Cover and Tube, **12/1** 2/8 Monthly. Beaded edge, 3d. extra.

The 'Clincher' A Won Roadster Cycle Tyre, wired or beaded edge as ordered. Supplied in all standard sizes. Cover and Tube, **17/-** 2/10 Monthly.

The 'Clincher' Vacuum Grooved Tyre, with wired or beaded edge, as ordered. Supplied in all standard sizes. Cover and Tube, **18/-** 3/- Monthly.

Write for Catalogue. Send a post card to-day for our handsomely illustrated Catalogue of 'Clincher' Cycle and Motor Cycle Tyres, all of which we supply on easy terms at cash prices, from **7/6**

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GRAVES SUITS embody all the essentials of a great tailoring success—good style, good taste, good value; and our Easy Monthly Payment Terms enable you to have your suit immediately on receipt of small payment with order and spread the cost over the next few months.

Write for Patterns. A Post Card sent to-day will bring you the finest display of Cloth Samples ever submitted at the price, and these cuttings from the cloth lengths which we are now making up will enable you to judge of the excellence of the materials we are using, and the undoubted superiority of design which characterises our cloths and commands the approval of the most fastidious customer. This unrivalled range of Cloth Samples of smart, gentlemanly suits priced at **35/-** and **42/-** include Tweeds, Cheviots, Worsted Serges, Plain Black and Blue Vicunas, and a splendid line in hard-wearing Yorkshire Suitings.

Write to-day for our comprehensively **Illustrated Catalogue** of high-grade footwear for Men, Women, and Children. This book is illustrated throughout from direct photographs of the actual Boots and Shoes. Our selection is so extensive as to meet all tastes, and our prices suit all pockets.

We supply any quantity of footwear on receipt of a small payment now, the balance being completed in equal monthly payments after the Boots have been examined and tried on in your own home.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

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10/ WITH ORDER.

WE DELIVER the Graves 'Speed King' Modele de Luxe exactly to specification (Lady's or Gent's) carriage paid to all approved orders for **10/-** Now, and Easy Monthly Payments after delivery until the account is cleared, if you are entirely delighted and satisfied with the machine after full examination at your own home.

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REYNOLDS' STEEL TUBING
DUNLOP FIRST GRADE TYRES
PHILLIPS YOKE & HINGE BRAKES
STURMEY-ARCHER 3-SPEED GEAR
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CATALOGUE FREE A Postcard to-day will bring you you per return our handsome Catalogue which exhibits a full range of Ladies' & Gent's Machines with detailed specifications

GRAVES 'SURBITON' HAND CAMERA

Folds up to 4½ x 5½ x 2½. **The Graves 'Surbiton' ¼-Plate Model.** Ebonised polished base board, nickelled fittings, solid leather bellows, solid aluminium cast stirrup shaped lens front, engraved focusing scale from 3 to 25 feet, and infinity, reversible oblong and upright view finder, variable speed shutter that works trigger and antinous release. **Beck Neostigmar Anastigmat Lens** series 111 n No. 3, aperture F.7.7. (maker's catalogue price of Lens £1 : 17 : 6).

5/ with order.

DELIVERED complete with two single Metal Dark Slides and waterproof carrying case carriage paid to approved orders for **5/-** with order, balance to be paid in 11 monthly payments of **5/-** if you are entirely satisfied after full examination and trial. If you are in any way disappointed we will instantly refund the whole of the money you have paid.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. Hand, Folding, and Stand Cameras at the keenest rock-bottom prices, from **7/6** up, and all supplied on approval for easy monthly payments or 2/- in the £ discount for cash with order.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

GREATEST NERVE VITALISER KNOWN.

500 2/6 PACKAGES FREE.

Send Name and Address To-day. You can Have One Free and be Strong and Vigorous.

Nurvatone Wafers Make you Feel Young and Full of Life All the Time.

This is an offer that no man or woman lacking in nerve force or vitality can afford to ignore. We will tell you why. We are going to give you free a full 2s. 6d. box of the world's newest, safest, most reliable, and effective nerve invigorator, revitaliser, brain awakener, ever known to science, a preparation that will in seven days' time make you feel like a "two-year-old." After eating the first one of these delightful wafers you will forget that you ever had such a thing as nerves. It brings about a speedy change from that awful, dull, weak, lazy, "Don't-care-a-rap" feeling, to brightness, strength, clear-headedness, and courage which is remarkable. Better than a month at the seaside, better than all the pills, medicines, and electric belts ever devised.

Hart's Nurvatone Wafers, the name given to this marvellous discovery, is not a medicine, not a drug, or a lash to jaded nerves, but a highly curative, revitalising agent that accomplishes wonderful results in a most striking and lasting manner. In fact, Nurvatone Wafers are acknowledged to be the most "spot-touching," up-building treatment ever devised for men or women who are lacking in nerve force and vitality. Every person suffering from weak nerves, nervous prostration, excessive nervousness, brain fag, insomnia, low vitality, general weakness, loss of strength, or any condition which arises from poor, weak nerves may now get nerves of steel, a clear head, courage, power, quick wit and energy by taking this great discovery—Hart's Nurvatone Wafers. No more need of diet, travel, tiresome exercises, dangerous drugs, electricity, massage or anything else—Nurvatone Wafers does the work for each and all—gives you nerve force, enriches the blood, and enables you to enjoy every moment of life. If you feel all run down from overwork or other causes, if you suffer from insomnia and "all gone" feeling, brainfag, peevishness, loss of ambition, energy and vitality, headache, and find it hard to concentrate your thoughts, or if the least exersion tires you, and you hate work, you may be sure Hart's Nurvatone Wafers are the very thing you need.

If interested, write us to-day, enclosing 3d. in stamps for postage, packing, and so forth, and the 2s. 6d. box will be immediately sent to you in plain, sealed, package free of all charge. A 2s. 6d. package of this great discovery will prove that they do the work; they are guaranteed—every wafer, so send at once—a surprise is in store for you.

Address H. B. Hart Company, Dept. 24, Carlton House, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

5 PER CENT. PER ANN.

INTEREST

paid on money deposited with

THE JOHN BULL BANK

27, 28, 29 & 30, OLD JEWRY, E.C.

Current Accounts opened from £1 upwards.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE LETTER-BOX.

Letters containing enquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 52, New Broad Street, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

A Postal Order for 1s. must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

BRITISH NEW GUINEA DEVELOPMENT.—Q.R.Y. (Hampstead)—The accounts of this Company are made up to the end of December, and submitted, but those for the year 1912 do not appear to have yet been issued. Perhaps the Secretary of the Company, Mr. S. F. Thompson, will kindly explain the cause of the delay. We should think that you could be compelled to pay the call in question. There is no regular market in the shares.

ASSOCIATED COUNTY HALLS AND THEATRES.—ANSTEY.—There is no other information available, and your best plan to compel the Directors to issue a balance sheet is to combine with other large shareholders for the purpose of issuing a united demand for the same. Why not appoint a representative to get the list of shareholders for you, and then place yourself in communication with them for the purpose? Singly, we are afraid, you can do but little.

EASTERN PETROLEUM.—J. S. K. (Crouch End).—We think it would be worth while joining the reconstruction. The Company may eventually regain its position, especially in view of the expansion in the oil industry generally.

TRUNK PACIFIC DEBS., ETC.—E. C. K. (Birmingham).—The various Canadian stocks mentioned are quite safe, but we question the advisability of locking up your capital in one particular group. Why not put some of the money into gilt-edged Colonial Bonds, especially Western Australians, which offer yields up to 4½ per cent. per annum?

BANK DIVIDEND.—P. T. (Minehead).—Your bank is correct in claiming the amount of the dividend. Parr's Bank shares were not quoted ex dividend until July 11, and as you sold for Settlement June 27, you did so cum dividend, which means that the purchaser of the shares is entitled to the dividend in question.

BANK SHARE LIABILITY.—N. B. R. (Hull).—It may be taken as a general rule that the leading joint stock banks will not make any further calls upon existing shares, except as a last resort, and things would indeed have to be bad to come to such a pass. However, we could advise you more definitely if you informed us of the bank to which you allude.

USUTU (SWAZILAND) TIN.—J. P. (Edinburgh).—We are unable to find the slightest trace of this concern. We conclude that it is quite a local undertaking, and enquiries with regard to its fate must be made where it was formed, viz., in Natal.

DIDCOT, NEWBURY AND SOUTHAMPTON RAILWAY.—TONYPANDY.—There is no market for these Preference shares, upon which no dividend has yet been paid, and consequently there is no option but to hold them, unless you can find a purchaser privately. The line is worked by the Great Western, but we are not very optimistic as to its prospects.

S. COURTALDS.—C. W. (Lincs).—No quotation has yet been fixed for the new shares. The prospects of the Company seem to be favourable. Your broker can tell you, no doubt, who are the brokers to the Company.

HARTLEY AND SONS.—F. W. P. (Stoke).—This concern is quite obscure. The same remark applies to the agency. Your best course would be to get into touch with other shareholders, in order to obtain a clean sweep of the present Board; but we regret that the matter is not of sufficient public interest to be specially dealt with in our columns.

JOHN BULL BANK.—L. R. J. (Leeds).—We understand that the new institution has thoroughly "caught on." You will be quite safe in opening a Deposit Account.——W. S. T. (London).—You should call and see the manager.——L. R. S. (Exeter).—The Deposit Note is quite in order.——J. J. R. (Birmingham).—Yes, the Bank has the command of ample funds.——S. R. G. (Newcastle).—Your surmise is incorrect. The proprietor is a man of considerable means and great business experience.

HEARTS OF OAK LIFE AND GENERAL ASSURANCE CO.—DICK.—We have not heard that any call is contemplated, but if made it would have to be met, otherwise the shares could be forfeited, and you would still remain liable. It is a young company, and has had to spend liberally to secure connection. The shares are speculative, and should only be held by those interested or by persons who are prepared to lock them away for an indefinite period.

NATIONAL STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE CO.—C. F. (Bargoed).—You inform us that the business of the British National Premium Life Assurance Company was taken over by the Progressive, and subsequently the National Standard assumed liability. Your complaint is that, the agent having collected the annual premium in respect of your £50 policy, you have not received an official receipt, the explanation of the Company being that you are not in their books. You have, however, the receipt issued by the National Standard to their agent in respect of this payment. The position is clearly unsatisfactory, but before commencing proceedings you had better write the Company again and ask for a further explanation. If you should decide to take action, you must attend at the County Court Registrar's Office and obtain and fill up a printed form, which can be obtained free of charge. Before a summons can be issued you will have to set forth particulars of claim, giving dates and detailed items, and pay the usual fee, after which a Plaint Note will be handed to you, on which is stated the date of the hearing. This date is generally about four weeks after the issue of the summons.

BRITANNIC ASSURANCE CO.—O. R. (Doncaster).—We do not like these Industrial Policies, which make no provision for the payment of a Cash Surrender Value or the issue of a Free Paid-up Policy in the event of the premium payments being discontinued. These assurances, having been effected prior to the Act of 1909, are legal, and as you are described as the beneficiary in two of them, you would be entitled to receive the sums assured. As regards the third policy, you had better have this endorsed to the effect that the policy is to insure for your benefit. Communicate with the Company and have the matter put right.

ROYAL LIVER FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—E. A. B. (South Shields).—Under Industrial Table No. 13 a payment of 6d. weekly for a period of 8 years secures the payment of £10 14s. You inform us that the original term selected was 14 years, and that by arrangement this was altered to 8 years. The agent at the same time handed you the prospectus showing that the sum to be received was £10 14s. You are now offered, you say, £8 2s. 3d. only. Write the head office for an explanation before accepting the smaller sum.

INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE BOOK.—RED ROSE.—The agreements make the sale and purchase of books a matter affecting only the persons concerned. The Company itself accepts no responsibility. The agent in question, having been called upon to resign, and having handed over his book, is now claiming, you say, £60. This the Company decline to recognise, and in the absence of any specific agreement as between the late agent and the Company for payment of compensation on relinquishing the book, he must regard the money as lost. A Company which authorises these transactions should either accept responsibility in connection with them, or close down the system altogether. The only point upon which the agent could take action would be to prove that his agency was taken from him in an arbitrary manner, whereby he had been deprived of his "interest in the book," and the saleable rights attaching thereto. As he is a member of the National Assurance Agent's Trade Union, he should take their opinion before embarking upon legal proceedings.

GENERAL ACCIDENT, LIFE AND FIRE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—A. M. I. (Romford). We have not the policy before us, but we think you may rest assured that the Company's interpretation of their conditions is correct, and that you could not successfully establish a claim against them. However hardly the rule may bear on the insured, Accident Companies take power at any time by notice to determine their policies, and to return to the insured the last premium paid by him, less a pro rata part for the portion of the year the Policy has been in force.

SCEPTRE LIFE ASSOCIATION.—W. S. (Cardiff).—The policy is issued upon the life of your son "for the whole duration thereof." A claim for payment of the sum assured with profits would only accrue in the event of his death, and with respect to which the Association would require "satisfactory proof." There is no agreement in the policy for any payment in the event of your son becoming permanently disabled by accident between the ages of 45 and 50, or that £200 would be paid in any event before the age of 50. If the proposal was given on the representations you mention, the agent had no authority for making them, and you could obtain the return of the premiums paid. The policy is an Ordinary Whole Life Policy, and the premium payments must be continued during the lifetime of your son. The only reference to the sum assured becoming payable during his lifetime is in connection with Bonus or Profit allocations to the Policy, and this may be applied for under the third Condition. This right only accrues after a Bonus declaration, provided notice is given in writing to the Secretary within three calendar months from the time of the declaration of the Bonus. The Association is sound financially, and transacts its business in a quiet, unostentatious manner.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO.—BOXER.—If, as you state, your wife insured you without your knowledge, consent or signature, you can reclaim the premiums paid. In the case of your two sons, your wife could legally insure them, and you have no claim to the premiums paid. You should write to the head office of the Company, giving them full particulars.——AMOS.—If your brother did not sign the proposal form, the Policy is illegal and the premiums paid are recoverable. As, however, he is abroad, it would be a difficult case to prove. You do not say whether he is married. If he is, his wife would be the legal claimant if the Policy was in order. Your best course would be to communicate with the head office, explaining the matter fully and asking what they are prepared to do.——H. H. (London).—If you are paying 2d. per week for each of your children, we assume that the Policies you hold are what are called Old Age Endowment Policies. If that is so, they are for a certain sum of money payable when the children reach the age of 65 years. The amount varies according to age at entry. There is also a sum, according to scale, payable in the event of death before they reach that age. This amount reaches £16 at the age of 15. Before that time it varies according to the scale, which you will find on the back of the Policies. If at any time you are unable to continue payment, you could claim a small Surrender Value. We, however, do not recommend this class of policy.

INSURANCE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS—NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

Owing to the enormous number of enquiries we receive on Insurance matters, our readers will appreciate the difficulty which confronts us in giving prompt replies. Indeed, the congestion has become so great that we have decided to depart from the rule we have hitherto observed of replying only through this column, and to answer by post. Correspondents, therefore, who fail to find replies to their enquiries on this page may expect to hear from us by letter with as little delay as possible.

Can you do the "Hat Trick"? Something quite new. See page 286.

TAKEN DIZZY IN THE CITY.

SEVERE ATTACKS OF VOMITING.

STARVED THROUGH DIETING.

WHEN a man has suffered pain, misery, dizziness and starvation through Indigestion, and is finally cured, he frequently forgets all about it.

Mr. Day, of Whittington Road, Bowes Park, N., has different feelings. The intensity of his sufferings and the completeness of his cure have impelled him to give all the facts in the hope of benefiting others.

He writes:

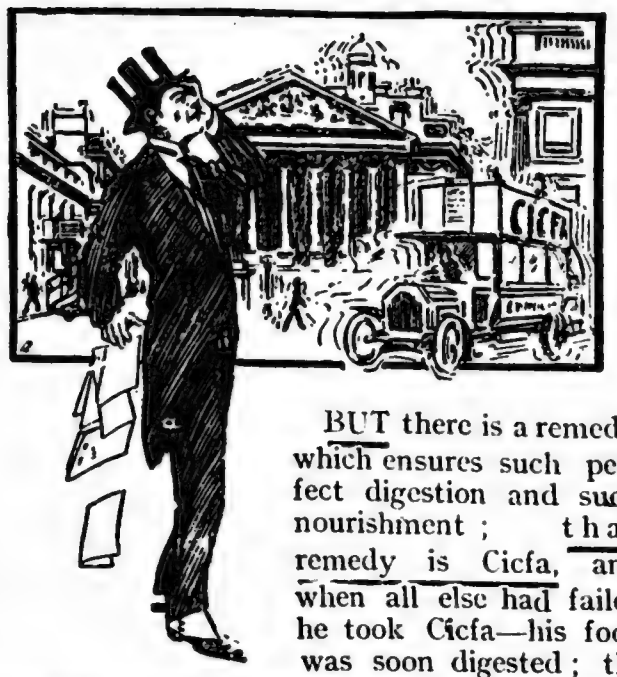
"I feel impelled to write and let you know the benefit I have derived from taking Cicfa.

"Starting over two years ago, I had attacks of vomiting after eating, and these gradually increased in frequency and severity, until the very thought of eating was distasteful.

"I was dieted one way and another, and tried various remedies. I also left off smoking, as the attacks of dizziness seemed to point to heart trouble. One day, after having a severe attack in the City, I saw your advertisement, and on reading it thought perhaps it was like the other remedies I had unsuccessfully tried. Still, I invested in a 2/9 size, and after a week began to have quite an appetite again. Now people say, 'How well you are looking,' and indeed I never felt better. I can eat just what I fancy, and enjoy it."

Why was Mr. Day never benefited by the other remedies, and why did dieting do him harm?

Mr. Day could not digest Albuminous Food in his Stomach nor Starchy Food in his Bowel. Further, he was Dieted, which generally means Starved. Consequently his blood soon lacked nourishment; his nerve centres were starved; his whole system was weakened; his digestive organs could no longer produce digestive ferments, therefore his food fermented, producing gases and acids which irritated the stomach so that the undigested food was vomited. Thus his heart was irritated and strained and he became dizzy. He needed nourishment from albuminous food like eggs and meat digested in the Stomach, and nourishment like starchy food from bread, potatoes, etc., digested in the Bowel. Dieting and the remedies he had tried failed to give him such nourishment.



BUT there is a remedy which ensures such perfect digestion and such nourishment; that remedy is Cicfa, and when all else had failed he took Cicfa—his food was soon digested; the nourishment passed into his blood, which grew richer in red corpuscles, laden with that life-giving element, Oxygen, and purer from day to day.

The nerve-centres immediately felt the quickening impulse; his heart grew stronger, dizziness ceased; all the glands produced the necessary digestive ferments themselves, so that digestion in his Stomach and digestion in his Bowel were perfect; the nourishment entered his blood, and though he had suffered for two years Mr. Day is now able to eat what he pleases and enjoy it.

Travelling, visiting, or eating away from home usually gives you Constipation. That is not your liver—it is Bowel Indigestion.

If these facts have convinced you, and you are a sufferer from indigestion, get a tube of Cicfa from your Chemist NOW.

BUT—if there remains the slightest doubt in your mind, do not purchase Cicfa, but ask us to prove these statements by sending to us for a liberal free sample of Cicfa, which will convince you. See Coupon below.

BEWARE!!! 47 Different Imitations of Cicfa at 6d. or 7½d. Not one of them is in the least like CICFA. Not one of them was ever sold for BOWEL Indigestion until our advertisements appeared. ALL CONTAIN DRUGS.

Cicfa is sold everywhere or direct. Price 1/1½ (7 days' supply) and 2/9 (21 days' supply).

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Send your Name and Address with this Coupon and **One Penny Stamp for Postage,** and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.

CICFA

CAPSULOIDS (1909), Ltd.,
79, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London.
Good for one week only. JOHN BULL, 23-8-13.

SPECIAL "HAT-TRICK" PRIZES!

This week we are making a special offer of "Hat-Trick" prizes as a reward for continuous merit. To all competitors who succeed in winning a prize in each of THREE consecutive competitions (thus performing the "Hat Trick"), we will award the sum of half-a-guinea. This offer applies to ALL prizes won after and including Competition No. 47, and they must all have been awarded to one and the same person. All you have to do is to claim the half-guinea, and on verification it will be forwarded without delay. This is a distinct and additional prize-offer, and in no way affects competitors' chances of securing the £500 or any other of our weekl prizes.

Second Prize £50

FIRST PRIZE £500

Third Prize £25

TWENTY HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH.

50 CASH PRIZES OF 10s. EACH. 100 CASH PRIZES OF 5s. EACH.

4,000 HANDSOME PRIZES VALUE £900

AND 1,000 CASH PRIZES OF 2s. 6d.

Bullets can only be constructed from any of these 40 Examples:—

BATHING DRESS	UNCONVENTIONAL THOUGHTS	BILLING AND COOING	TOUCHING SONG	MISSING WORDS
HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED	ASK A POLICEMAN	WHEN ASLEEP	POT LUCK	LAWYER'S ADVICE
TRAGIC FATE	LIGHT REFRESHMENT	A GOOD YARN	UNEXPECTED RETURN	BOARD RESIDENCE
MY HOLIDAY	A HIGH TIME	BLOTTED OUT	BLIND MAN	O/F DUTY
COME AND GO	ROYAL ENGAGEMENT	TOTAL WRECK	BITTER EXPERIENCE	BROKEN PROMISE
DRESSMAKERS' BILLS	MOST REFRESHING	WANTS FINDING	ORDERED HOME	ROLLING STONE
MISTRESS AND MAID	MOUSE-TRAP	IN A CORNER	LOUD CHEERS	BAD NAME
GETTING READY	WASTE PAPER	SORRY PLIGHT	CLASSICAL DANCERS	LOST PROPERTY

"Bullets" is the leading skill competition with most prizes and is the ONLY Competition in which EVERY Coupon received is judged by TWO DIFFERENT ADJUDICATORS.

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our forty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST and LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example "Loud Cheers" and take the letters "S" and "C," using the word "in" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet "Seldom in Court." Or from the example "MistRess and MAid, the Bullet "Rarely Agree" can be formed. Again, if you take the example "My Holiday," using the letter "M" as initial for both the first and last word, you can form the Bullet "Money soon Melts."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used a postal order for one shilling must be sent.

Competitors who have already won any prizes, large or small, in this competition are in no way debarred from winning again.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

Competitors can see The "Bullets" Judges at work at any time.

Closing date, Wednesday, August 27th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(47) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 287.

Signed _____

Address _____

A Sixpenny P.O. Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.

This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "MARY BULL," dated August 30th.

Closing date, Wednesday, August 27th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(47) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 287.

Signed _____

Address _____

A Sixpenny P.O. Must Accompany this Coupon.

If Both Coupons Are Used a Postal Order for 1/- Must Be Sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 47," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Write "COMPETITION" on top left hand corner of Envelope.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been selected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they consider sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that, before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudicating staff, in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered, and re-read and re-considered, by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

The Result of the above Competition will appear in our issue dated Sept. 13th.

RESULT OF 44TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:—

Mr. ARTHUR MAYCOCK,
"The Studio,"
Parkgate, Cheshire.

Example.—BUYING HIS EXPERIENCE.
Bullet.—"PRETTY DEAR" SOMETIMES.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:—

Mr. F. WILLIAMS,
138, Soho Road,
Handsworth, Birmingham.

Example.—BLESSING IN DISGUISE.
Bullet.—BIPLANE WOULDN'T START.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. J. GORE,
"Alison,"
Temple Road, Buxton.

Example.—BEAUTY SPOT.
Bullet.—TRUST MEN TO.

20 HOLIDAY PRIZEWINNERS of £5 Each.

Mr. H. CLAE, 21, Rullerton Road, Liscard, Cheshire: TEMPORARY ASSISTANCE—ORATOR'S "AHEM! AHEM!"
Mr. A. BUTCHER, 5, Rotherwood Road, Putney, S.W.: EARLY ARRIVAL—AGE—VIA EXCESSES.
Mr. A. TARSHISH, 43, Elizabeth Street, Cheetham, Manchester: BUYING HIS EXPERIENCE—EMPLOYING HIS RELATIVES
Mr. TOM COLLBRAN, Watchmaker, Hailsham, Sussex: HER EXTRAVAGANCE—"TENNER" SOON "TANNER."
Mr. TOM RICHARDSON, Findon Hill, Sacriston, Durham: BUYING HIS EXPERIENCE—PAIRED BEFORE PREPARED.
Mr. JOHN E. DAVIES, 15, Smithfield Road, Wrexham: HIS FAULT—LACKED TACT—SACKED.
Mrs. H. M. LOVEGROVE, Strathmore, Rustington, Sussex: OUT OF TOWN—WINDOW BLINDS' FRAUD.
Mr. ARTHUR E. PASCOE, 86, Dunedin Road, Leyton: STAGGERS HUMANITY—HER HOLIDAY "NECESSITIES."
Mr. J. TURNER, 5, Hornby Street, Wigan: BUYING HIS EXPERIENCE—RECRUIT INTRODUCED—CANTEEN.
Mr. C. H. FRANCIS, 37, Florence Street, Islington, N.: TEMPORARY ASSISTANCE — CHAUFFEUR BECOMES "SHOVER."
Mr. D. CLARKE JONES, 24, Whiterock Street, Liverpool: STAGGERS HUMANITY—TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE'S "STATISTICS."
Mr. E. M. SEDDON, 41, Margaret Street, Hull: IN GREAT DISTRESS—AMATEUR OPERATIC SINGERS.
Mr. ED. SIMISTER, 77, King Street, Leigh, Lancs.: BEAUTY SPOT—THE CARVER ANNEXES.
Mr. H. NEEVES, Post Office, Winchelsea, Sussex: TEMPORARY ASSISTANCE—TAVERN DROWNING TROUBLE.
Mr. W. BAKER, 8, King Edward Grove, Teddington, S.W.: BUYING HIS EXPERIENCE—SELLING HIS SHARES.
Mr. T. RISELEY, 26, BURROWS ROAD, SWANSEA: STAGGERS HUMANITY—MITE'S HEAVY HOMEWORK.
Mr. A. CARR, St. Mary's Avenue, Crook, Co. Durham: LION'S SHARE—NOBODY ADMITS RECEIVING.
Mr. THOMES FARMER, 24, East Street, Coventry: BLESSING IN DISGUISE—DISASTERS FOR "DAILIES."
Mr. P. H. BATH "PEMBERTON," 184, Vaughan Road, Harrow: SEASIDE BOARDING HOUSE—"SPECULATION" MINUS "S."
Mr. D. T. DEAS, 221, Paisley Road, West Glasgow: ACCOUNT RENDERED—NEVER BY REQUEST.

50 PRIZEWINNERS of 10/- Each.

AIREY, F., 41, Bamford Road, Didsbury, Manchester.
AUTON, W., 1, Thomas Street, Bath.
BALDWIN, J., 40, Keswick Road, Blackpool.
BEDLINGTON, G., Blythemore, Freshfield Rd., Formby, L'pool.
BENNETT, W. E., Bayston Hill, Salop.
BIRKETT, T., The Hawthorns, Park Road, Chilwell, Notts.
BOOTH, S. V., Inland Section, G.P.O., Mount Pleasant, E.C.
BOOTH, H., 22-24, South Castle Street, Liverpool.
BRACE, J. H., 37, Maclarren Street, Longsight, Manchester.
CASWELL, A. G., Great Oakley, Kettering.
CHILDERSTONE, C., 131, Castellain Mansions, Maida Vale, W
CHURCHILL, J. W., 9, Callow Street, Chelsea, S.W.
COX, N. (Miss), 19, Abbey Road, Bearwood, Birmingham.
CLARKE, F. A., 1, Belgrave Villas, Cotham Grove, Bristol.
CROSSLEY, L. J., 8, Bedford Terrace, Wakefield Road, Sowerby Bridge.
D'ARC, W. J., War-work, Cardiff.
DE CAUX, F. (Miss), 230, High Street, Gorleston-on-Sea.
DIXON, W., 49, Caddington Road, Cricklewood, N.W.
DRAKE, K. (Mrs.), 9, New Hill, Goodwick, Pembrokeshire.
EVERARD, A. T., 49, Gilpin Avenue, East Sheen, S.W.
FENNELL, ADA M., Queen's Road, F.M. Nuneaton, Warwickshire.
FLETCHER, E. (Miss), The Grove, Wishaw, Erdington, B'ham.
FORD, A. J., 141, Louise Street, Burslem.
GALL, A., P.O., Arbroath, N.B.
GILLETT, F., 97, Abingdon Road, Kensington.
GORRILL, S. G., 28, Kingsley Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
GREEN, J. E. (Mrs.), Glanmoor, Fields Park, Newport, Mon.
JACKSON, Corpl. A., 16th Lancers, Curragh Camp, Ireland.
JOHNSON, M. (Miss), 108, Queen St. Flats, Edgware Rd., W.
KLEIN, F. H., 133, Roding Road, Clapton Park, N.E.
LAPINE, K., 14, Doods Road, Reigate, Surrey.
LOWDEN, G., 235, Waterloo Road, Burslem, Staffs.
MAW, F. C., 14, Broomhill Road, Goodmayes, Ilford.
MACDONNELL, J. W., 15, Despenser Street, Cardiff.
MORRIS, E. C., 69, Heywood Street, Moss Side, Manchester
MORKETT, T. E., 99, Great Queen St., Dartford, Kent.
PEACOCK, R. W., Hetherington Villa, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
PEARCE, A. W., 1, Argyle Avenue, Eastville, Bristol.
PRIDGEN, E. (Miss), Beverley, South Farnborough, Hants.
SANDERSON, F., 10, Wingfield Street, Bradford, Yorks.
SLATER, A., 55, Skelton's Lane, Leyton, N.E.
SMITH, S. (Miss), 7, Rowcroft, Stroud, Glos.
SMITH, J. B., 308, Aylestone Road, Leicester.
SPOONER, A. H., Downside Stores, Belmont, Surrey.
STUART, M., 29, Brooksville Ave., Brondesbury Park, N.W.
WALKINGTON, E. A., 47, Hulton Street, Moss Side, Manchester.
WEBB, H., 69, Uplands Road, Stroud Green.
WILLETT, G., 41, Derwent Grove, East Dulwich, S.E.
WILLIAMSON, J. S., 35a, Sandgate, Ayr.
WRAY, A. T., 41, Maidstone Road, Bowes Park, N.

LIST OF 100 5s. PRIZE-WINNERS. "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 44.

Adams, G., Miss, 11, Lorne-st., Burslem,
Ambrose, J., Caledon, Wheathill-rd, Anerley, S.E.
Baker, R., The Cosy, Lyme Regis, Dorset.
Bancroft, K., Miss, 26, College-tce., Halifax, Yorks.
Barber, R. J., The Palace, Winchester.
Barnett, H. P., Danworth Brook, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex.
Batchelor, D., 115, Victoria-rd., Seacombe, Cheshire.
Benson, W. G., 37, St. Aubyn-st., Devonport.
Bishop, A. C., Sible Hedingham, Essex.
Blackshaw, A., 40, Ryle-st., Macclesfield.
Brown, A., Beaufort Arms Hotel, Chepstow.
Brownlee, P., Hopetoun-tce., Bowness.
Bndibent, J. B., The Cottage, Thicket-rd., Sutton, Surrey.
Burgess, L., 12, King Stephen-rd., Colchester.
Burton, L., Miss, 28, Lyndhurst-st., Derby.
Bush, E., 3, Shamrock Cottages, Little Wakering, Essex.
Bussell, A. G., Mrs., City Studio, Gloucester.
Butcher, A. E. 14, Zion-place, Margate.
Collier, E. A., 90, Charrington-st., Camden Town, N.W.
Cook, A., Miss, c/o J. P. Davies, Esq., 226, High-st., Lewisham, S.E.
Cottew, S. C., 3, Lutmer-rd., Easebourne, Midhurst.
Crossfield, J., Conservative Club, Harpurhey, Manchester.
Daniels, A., 3, Glade-st., Bolton.
Caux, H. De, 82, Hampton-rd., Stockton-on-Tees.
Delerset, E., 47, Princes-ave., Palmers Green, N.
Denney, G., Costessey Hall, Norwich.
Dickson, R., 237, Blackness-rd., Dundee.
Dillon, B. C., 5, Compton-tce., Highbury, N.
Dobson, S. P., 23, Clifton Dale, York.
Dodds, R., 81, Bright-st., Wolverhampton.
Eagle, S. C., 26, Cranfield-rd., Wallington.
Edwards, B., 20, Maury-rd., Stoke Newington, N.
Edwards, F. W., The Beeches, Castle Gresley, Burton-on-Trent.
Ellis, J., Miss, Glendalough, Esher.
Farrell P., 126, Wellhead-lane, Perry Barr., Birmingham.
Ford, C., 20, Exonia-pl., Exeter-rd., Teignmouth.
Frogkatt, W., 46, Kitchener-rd., Strood, Kent.
Gee, W., 10, Alfred-st., South Nottingham.
Gillespie, J. R., Mrs., 15, Macdowall-rd., Newington, Edinburgh.
Goodge, A. W., 54, Cavendish-rd., Aylestone Park, Leicester.
Gore, M., Mrs., 5, Union-st., High Barnet.
Gostling, S., 35, Hoveden-rd., Cricklewood.
Hall, E. L., Mrs., 53, Castle-st., Skipton, Yorks.
Hills, G. R., 100, High-st., Deptford, S.E.
Holford, A., 28, Mountfield (Prestwich), Manchester.
Hood, J. R., Sinnington, Yorks.
Hopkinson, H., 12, Bateman-st., Horwich, Lancs.
Horsley, W. H., 51, Brettenham-rd., Edmonton, N.
Hughes, R., 94, Grosvenor-tce, Camberwell, S.E.
Jackson, P. P., 80, Leigh Hall-rd., Leigh-on-Sea.
Jary, A. J., 16, Ida-rd., Roslyn-rd., Tottenham, N.
Knox, C., Mrs., 4, Royal-cres., Penydarren, Merthyr Tydfil.
Kratz, L., Royal Hotel, Clacton-on-Sea.
Law, C. J., 1, Gibbon's-rd., Sedgley, Dudley.
Luckman, W. H., 110, Tarry-rd., Alum Rock, Birmingham.
Lynch, J., 183, Lavender Hill, S.W.
Marsden, O., Mrs., Lowes Healey Farm, Chorley, Lancs.
Matthews, T., 47, Hewitt-ave, Wood Green, N.
Miller, S., c/o Messrs. Thornycroft, Shipbuilders, Woolston, Southampton.
Moores, W., 455, Limefield, Bury, Lancs.
Morgan, T., Brynderwen, High-st., Nelson, Cardiff.
Parker, J., 48, Jubilee-rd., New Tredegar, Mon.
Pearce, A. W., 1, Argyle-ave., Eastville, Bristol.
Page, G., 22, Dacca-st., Deptford, S.E.
Pennington, W., 135, Wigan-rd., Ashton-in-Makerfield, Lancs.
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Roberts, J. K., Trebanos S.O., Swansea Valley, Glam.
Roseby, A. Mrs., Whitehaven-rd., Workington, Cumberland.
Ross, H., Inchvannie Court, Dingwall.
Russell, W., 66, Revelstoke-rd., Southfields, S.W.
Salkeld, S. E., Miss, 13, Wordsworth-ave, Cheetham, Manchester.
Sampson, B S., 25, Thirlmere-st., Leicester.
Scott, A., 10, Front-st., Preston, North Shields.
Shelton, G. W., P.O., Old Basford, T S O., Nottingham.
Shepherd, L. A., Sergt.-Major, Fonthill-R.A. Barracks, Aberdeen.
Shipley, H., Mrs., Church Drive, Daybrook, Notts.
Sibley, M. A., Mrs., Crown Hotel, Gloucester.
Simkiss, Mrs., 38, Welford-rd., Handsworth, Birmingham.
Sims, Mrs. 3, Queen's-parade, Pitshanger-lane, Ealing.
Smith, R., Mrs., 190, Godstone-rd., Whyteleafe, Surrey.
Stoneham, Lilian, 98, Dartmouth-rd., Brondesbury.
Stuart, G. L., Collithie Cottage, Gartly, Aberdeen.
Sylvester, A. A., Mrs., School House, Bletchingley, Surrey.
Thomas, S., 13, Hill-st., Radcliffe, Manchester.
Thompson, J., 25, Drybridge-st., Monmouth.
Thompson, H., 19, Delverton-rd., New-st., Kennington, S.E.
Thompson, C., 20, Stuart-rd., Wimbledon, S.W.
Thompson, W. P., 169, Clarence Gate Gardens, Dorset-sq., London.
Thorne, A. B., 23, Castlenau Gardens, Barnes, S.W.
Tucker, T. E., Nutfield-rd., South Merstham, Surrey.
Turner, J. M., 33, Berners-st., Ipswich.
Vant, J., 18, Morehall-ave., Folkestone.
Warwick, L., Mrs., c/o The Angel Hotel, Wellingborough.
Watsham, R. E., 31, High-st., Maidenhead, Berks.
Watt, Winifred, 12, St. Faiths-rd., Dulwich.
Watts, H. V., 6, Verdon-st., Sheffield.
Wellock, A., 68, Walton-lane, Nelson, Lancs.
Wildbore, Ethel, 133, Harbut-rd., Clapham Junction.
Woolf, A. W., Parkstone, Cecil Park, Herne Bay.
Yates, H., Oak Brewery, Wisbech, Cambs.

Selection from List of 4,000 Special Prizes.

Habgood, Mrs., 81, Hereford-rd., Bolton.
Hack, H., 30, Little Earl-st., Shaftesbury-ave., W.C.
Hadderley, H., 4, Credenda-grove, Ledram-st, Ladywood, Birmingham.
Halcrow, J., 18, Coleman-st., E.C.
Halden, A. T., 47, Glenparke-rd., Forest Gate, E.
Hale, G. W., Rookery Lodge, Marazion, Cornwall.
Hall, A., 198, Chorley New-rd., Horwich, Bolton.
Hall, M., Symons Cottage, Lelant, Cornwall.
Hall, J., 4, Woodbine-ter., Hexham, Northumberland.
Hall, H., Milton Cottage, Milton-st., Motherwell, Scotland.
Hall, E. G., Mrs., 18, Undercliff, Bexcombe.
Hall, D., 82, Upper Conran-st., Harpurhay, Manchester.
Hall, T., 34, Chantrey-rd., Woodseats, Sheffield.
Hall, J., 17, Whinny Hill, Thrybergh, near Rotherham.
Hall, A., 90, Buckingham-rd., Brighton.
Hall, C. J., 139, Laburnum-grove, Portsmouth.
Hallam, M., 32, Fairlawn Mansions, New Cross Gate, S.E.
Halle, C., 25, Brixton-rd., S.W.
Halliday, F. G., 24, Garden-st., Westminster, S.W.
Halse, B. K., 37, Clova-rd., Forest Gate, E.
Halton, O., R.T. Constabulary, Anne-st., Dundalk.
Haigh, H. J., 40, Counthill-rd., Oldham.
Hambling, E. H., Chapel Ash, Wolverhampton.
Hambley, R. C., 52, Culverden-rd., Balham, S.W.
Hamer, J. E., Carver Clough, Rishworth, near Halifax.
Hamilton, R. H., St. Aubyn's, Cromer.
Hamilton, H., 1a, Bangalore-st., Putney.

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Editor, and his special staff of adjudicators, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit. In deciding prizes, originality and aptness will be taken into account. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 286 and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Stamps will not be accepted.
4. Coupons must not be cut or defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.
5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Wednesday, August 27th.
6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
7. The Editor's decision on any matter in dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Complete List of 1,000 Prize-winners of 2/6 each, and of all other Prize-winners in the above Competition can be seen at the "John Bull" Offices.

Racing Notes.

The Leger has dried up completely, and at the present time it would puzzle anybody to name the favourite. Louvois has been absent from exercise. Shogun has hit himself, and White Magic is suffering from a cough. At Newmarket there is a quiet tip about for Day Comet, who, it must be remembered, was close up in the Derby, but it will be best to hold off anything until a few days before the race. Louvois was galloping again on Monday morning, so perhaps there is not much the matter with him. Pilliwinkie is doing no work, so probably will not run.

Prophetic.

The remaining two days at Stockton, a couple of days at Bath, with Hurst Park on Friday and Saturday to complete the week, are the fixtures set for discussion.

At Stockton to-day (Wednesday) the Hardwicke Stakes would be good for Corcyra, but he will probably fulfil his Tuesday engagement, and in his absence Sunny Land would be worth support. Perhaps the best thing of the day is

QUEENSLAND

in the Zetland Plate, whilst MARCO BOZZARIS has not much to do in the Stewards' Handicap, unless, indeed, Maher be up on Newmarket and persuades that erratic animal to do his best. To-morrow (Thursday) LIGHT BRIGADE, who may be seen out before, can win the Durham County Produce Stakes, and

CRESSINGHAM,

despite his big weight, should be a good thing for the Elton T.Y.O. Maiden. THROSGA, strongly ridden as she can be this time, looks best for the Middlesboro' Welter.

At Bath to-day, IGNORAMUS for the Bath Handicap, and BLUE DANUBE for the County T.Y.O. Plate, are the best things, whilst to-morrow, CHINA COCK in the Monument Maiden, and ENDRICK in the Grosvenor Three-year-old Handicap both appear to hold nice chances.

Hurst Park, on Friday, should see

INCONSTANT GEORGE,

in winning colours at last, for he has not a great deal to do to win the Hurst Stakes. RATHER BOLDER should take the Earlsfield Welter, and ROSSETTI the Sprint Selling Handicap. It is not often we leave the best thing of the week till Saturday, but it is unquestionable that with a run

FLYING ORB*

fills the bill in the Maiden T.Y.O. Plate. He is penalised 7 lbs., but that should make no difference to such a fine colt. For the Champion Sprint Handicap, QUANTOCK looks favourably treated, and from all that was seen of his running at Kempton last week, CHARLTON should be good to back for the Walton Handicap. Here is a colt that, at all favourably treated, might win the Cesarewitch.

SPORTING REPLIES.

The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith.

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UNIVERSAL TURF SOCIETY.—BERT.—We have no recent information respecting this Society's sweep.

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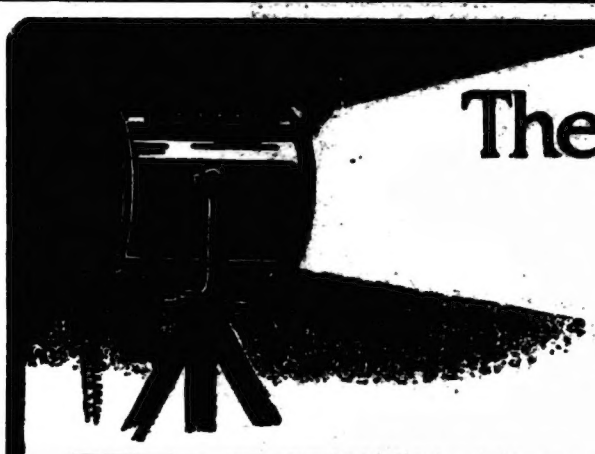

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